

YAMMY . . .
• BUYS A •
• • • BICYCLE



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Yummy Buys a Bicycle



HILDEGARD
WOODWARD

Yammy was singing and dancing

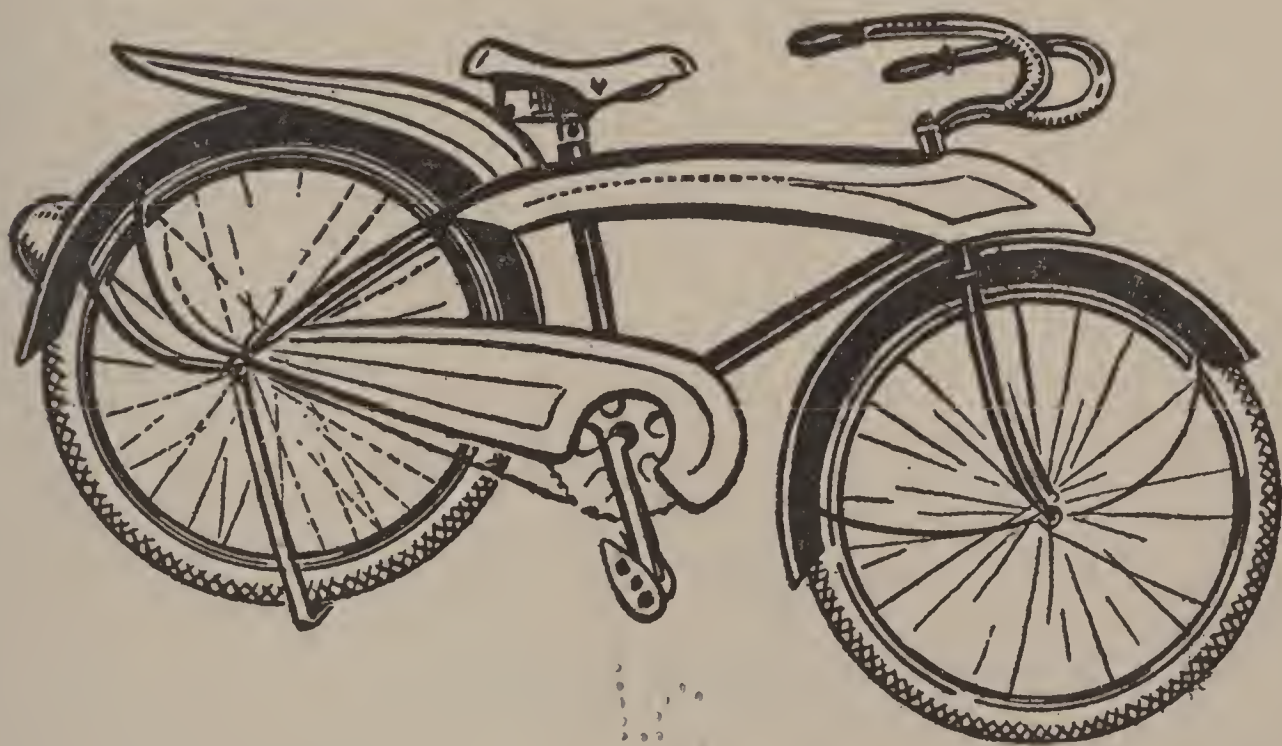
Yummy Buys a Bicycle

By

BERNICE MORGAN BRYANT

Illustrated by

HILDEGARD WOODWARD



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To
My Husband

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"Mother. Daddy," he shouted

Chapter I

A SHOPPING TOUR

YAMMY, YAMMY," called Mother. "It is time to get up."

"Oh, Mother, this is Saturday," Yammy answered in a sleepy voice.

"But Yammy, I have a surprise for you. Hurry down to breakfast."

"A surprise!" And Yammy jumped from his bed, for Yammy loved surprises.

He dressed hurriedly, hopped down the steps two at a time and swung into his place at the table.

"Good morning, Daddy. Do you know what the surprise is?"

"No, Son, I can't guess," answered Daddy.

"Is it strawberries for breakfast?" asked Yammy.

"No," smiled Mother, as she sat across from Yammy. "Something better than strawberries. Look at this."

Mother held up a large envelope with many stamps on it.

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“A letter from Uncle Yammy!” shouted Yammy. “What does he say? Is he coming very soon? Is he going to send me something?”

Yammy was very anxious to hear from his rich Uncle Yammy who always sent him wonderful and strange gifts from Hawaii.

“Yammy, you know you shouldn’t talk with food in your mouth,” corrected Daddy.

“I just can’t help it,” choked Yammy. This time his mouth was filled with oatmeal.

Mother opened the envelope and drew out a slip of paper. “This is for you, Yammy. Uncle Yammy has sent you a check for \$25.00. The letter says to get you something you need.”

“Whoopee,” yelled Yammy and he threw his hands high. “At last I can have a bicycle. Oh, Mother, this is SCRUMdolious.”

He was on the other side of the table shouting and jumping up and down.

“But Yammy, the letter says something you need. You do NOT need a bicycle,” said Mother firmly.

“Sure, I need a bicycle; all boys need a bicycle.”

“Now Yammy, let’s not talk bicycle again. You know Daddy and I think you are too young. You know how

A Shopping Tour

crowded the streets are. And you know how I would worry about you."

"Oh shucks, Mother, you always worry about me. I've been wanting a bicycle for a long, long time."

"I know you have and I hope some day you will have one, but you will have to be a much more thoughtful boy than you are now."

"Well then, what do I need?" asked Yammy as he slouched in his chair.

"I think you need some new clothes," suggested Daddy.

"Clothes! But I've got clothes," argued Yammy. "And besides you always get me clothes. How about a new train set?"

"No," said Daddy. "The letter says, something you need. You have outgrown so many of your clothes. I think if you get new ones now, we can gather your old suits and sweaters and take them out to the Joneses. That's the poor family I told you about. Don't you remember? They have five children and there is no father or Uncle Yammy to help them."

"Well, all right. But I want a plaid jacket."

"We'll see," answered Mother. "Now let us hurry as we will have a full day."

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“Are we going to get the clothes today?”

“I think we may as well, or else we will have to wait until next Saturday.”

“And I’d better be getting to the office,” said Daddy, as he kissed Mother and Yammy good-bye.

They decided to walk to the elevated train that took them from their suburb to the downtown section of Chicago.

The March air was fresh and crisp. It was just beginning to snow. They walked fast to keep themselves warm. Yammy bundled his red scarf around his neck. Mother buttoned her fur collar high. The wind whipped across their faces.

Yammy sat next to the window in the elevated train. He could see the tops of the houses and trees. Sometimes the buildings were very close and he seemed to be riding through a tunnel. The train went fast and it was not long before they were in the Loop, the business and shopping district of Chicago.

It was lots of fun trying on new suits. Mother selected a dark blue twill. It fitted Yammy perfectly.

“How do you like this one?” Mother asked.

“But I wanted a brown suit,” frowned Yammy.

“Now Yammy, you always get a blue suit for best.”

A Shopping Tour

“That’s why I want a brown suit for a change. Please, Mother, let me have a brown suit.”

Mother did not answer. She was smoothing his shoulders and feeling the material of the collar to see if it was really good material.

Yammy fumbled and twisted at a button. He kept turning the button ’round and ’round. After so much turning and twisting it fell into his fingers. Before Mother saw it, he slipped it into his pocket. And without thinking, he started to twist and turn the next button. In no time it came off too.

Mother turned Yammy around to see how the front fitted. She pulled the coat together.

“Well,” she remarked, “the buttons are off.”

“Please, Mother,” Yammy whined in a pleading voice, “I don’t like this blue suit anyway. Let me try on a brown suit with buttons.”

“Well, all right.” Mother spoke in an exhausted tone. She turned to the clerk.

“Will you let us see a brown suit in size 8, please? And one with buttons?”

“Buttons!” said the clerk in a surprised tone. And as he helped Yammy take the coat off he mumbled to himself, “I’m sure there were buttons on this coat.”

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Yammy tried on the brown twill suit. It fitted him perfectly, too.

Yammy smiled at himself in the mirror. Mother smiled too, for he was a fine boy. He stood straight and tall with his shoulders back and his chest out and his stomach in. His toes pointed to the front and his heels were together. He was a healthy, strong boy. His hair was dark brown and thick. It would never stay out of his eyes, so Mother had it cut very short and sometimes it did look like a brush on top. His teeth were even and white, for Yammy did remember to clean his teeth every morning and every night.

He turned to the mirror so as to look at the back of the suit.

As he looked into it, he saw a very elegant lady running after a little white poodle dog. The puppy had gotten loose from its leash and was scampering toward a pile of pillows in the drapery section.

Yammy immediately ran to the other side of the store. "I'll get your dog, lady. Just a minute, I'll get it," Yammy called as he ran.

Mother followed Yammy, scolding and shouting, "Yammy, Yammy. That new brown suit."

But Yammy did not hear a word she said.



Yammy landed right in the middle of the pile of pillows

A Shopping Tour

The clerk ran after Mother and everyone started to run after the clerk.

Yammy clambered under the counter but the little white poodle barked and ran around the pile of pillows. Yammy ran around the other way, but he stumbled and landed right in the middle of the pile of pillows. The beautiful, fluffy, lace cushions were scattered all over.

The manager of the drapery section grumbled as he straightened the pillows on the floor.

The little white poodle barked again. He thought Yammy was playing. He ran behind a long line of curtains hanging up for display. Yammy followed him. Yammy sneaked along the other side of the curtains. He was almost within reach of the little white poodle. Yammy swooped down. The dog jumped, but Yammy caught hold of its fur. The dog jerked away and was gone again.

Yammy pulled the curtains aside and grabbed. This time he had good hold of the dog. The dog was very strong. As he tried to get away he pulled Yammy to the floor so that both boy and poodle rolled over and over. They pulled the curtains with them. One by one the curtains fell from the line and became entangled in Yammy and the barking dog.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

The very elegant lady was there. All the clerks were there. Mother was there too. All she could see was a heap of torn curtains turning over and over.

Mother tried to untangle Yammy. The very elegant lady tried to untangle her little white poodle.

The curtains were torn into shreds. Yammy's brown twill suit was mussed and dusty. But the little white poodle barked and barked. He seemed to be ready for another tumble.

Mother took hold of Yammy's shoulder. She marched him to the Boy's Department. Yammy never said a word, he just pulled at the ticket on his sleeve.

Mother never said a word either. Yammy wished Mother would say something, for he knew that when Mother was very, very, VERY angry, she never talked.

Yammy dressed in his other suit and without eating lunch they went straight home.

When they reached home, Mother finally spoke. "Yammy, why are you so thoughtless? Why don't you think before you act? You are always getting into mischief."

Yammy kept his eyes to the floor. He mumbled very low, "Why—a, why—a,—I did think. Yes, I did, Mother."

A Shopping Tour

Mother continued to scold. "I just don't know what to do with you. Every time I take you out you get into trouble. You can see for yourself why you can't have a bicycle. I would be worried about you every minute you were gone. Goodness knows, I worry about you when I am right with you."

Yammy just mumbled again, "Why—a, why—a."

But still Mother went on, "Come, Yammy, I am going to punish you. You will have to stand in this corner with your face to the wall for one whole hour."

And Mother talked on and on as she made the mark on the wall in the corner of the kitchen. Yammy stood with his nose on the little black mark. Soon his little puppy dog Powder softly crept over to him.

Powder looked up with sorry eyes. "What's the matter?" he barked.

"Sh, sh," whispered Yammy.

Powder huddled close to Yammy and hung his head low and dropped his tail between his legs. And there they stood for one whole hour.

Yammy really didn't ever mean to be naughty. He always did things without thinking. And then too, it seemed much easier for Yammy to do something else instead of the thing he should do. So he always ended

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

up by having done the wrong thing instead of the right thing.

Mother worried about him and Daddy worried about him. The two grandmothers, the one who couldn't

hear very well and the one who heard everything, worried about him. His fat grandfather worried about him and so did his thin grandfather. And his rich Uncle Yammy away out in Hawaii worried about him too.



Chapter II

A VISIT TO THE JONESES

SEVERAL days later Mother telephoned to the store downtown and had both suits sent out. She knew they fitted him perfectly.

Now Yammy was dressed in his new, brown twill suit and how fine he did look. The new, dark blue twill suit was hanging in his closet. Mother did like a dark blue twill suit for Sundays and for best.

"Shall I pack this sweater?" Yammy asked.

"If it doesn't fit you any more," replied Mother. "Let's see."

Yammy jerked the sweater over his head. It stuck fast against his ears—and he couldn't pull it on or he couldn't pull it off.

"Hey, Mother," yelled Yammy in a muffled sound. "Help me, I'm smothering."

"I see it doesn't fit," laughed Mother, as she gave the sweater an extra good jerk. Yammy thought his ears were coming off too.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

A large suitcase was almost filled—three suits, four sweaters, four caps, two woolen scarfs, four pairs of shoes and ten shirts.

“I think that is a fine start for the Joneses.”

“Are we going to take them out today? Gee, Mother, if I just had a bicycle, I could pack them in the basket and you wouldn’t have to go.”

“Please, Yammy, stop nagging about a bicycle,” scolded Mother. “We will drive out this morning with the clothes. The children will be home, that is, if they aren’t working on Saturdays.”

“Working! Why, Mother, you mean the children might be working?”

“Yes, Yammy, that is what I mean. They do not have a daddy to take care of them.”

“And do they get money for their work, just the same as Daddy?” inquired Yammy.

“Yes, they do get money, but they do not get as much as Daddy.”

“I think they are pretty lucky to have their own money. I wish I had some money, Mother.”

“Yammy, you don’t need any money. Daddy gets you what you need.”

“Oh, shucks, Mother. All boys need money.”

A Visit to the Joneses

Just as they were leaving, the telephone rang. It was Grandmother, the one who could hear.

Yammy spoke loud and clear. "We are going to some poor people, Grandmother. I've packed some clothes for them."

And then Grandmother talked and talked and all Yammy could say was "Yes, Grandmother—yes, Grandmother—yes, Grandmother." Then he hung up the receiver.

"Mother, that was Grandmother. She wants us to call for her. She has some clothes that maybe can be made over for the children."

"How thoughtful," spoke up Mother. "Maybe both grandmothers would like to go with us. It is such a lovely morning."

And in no time they were all on their way. Mother and Grandmother, the one who could hear, were in the front seat of the car. Yammy and Powder and Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, sat in the back seat.

The streets were winding and wide in their suburb. The houses were beautiful with big yards. They drove to the main street which led them to a long, wide boulevard that took them into Chicago. They drove on and

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

on and the streets became narrow and the houses were smaller. Still they kept on until they came to a tiny house tucked away behind a large building. There was no yard to play in, for the small space was cluttered with large wooden boxes.

Yammy took hold of Grandmother's hand and pulled her head down until he could talk directly into her good ear.

"Why don't they clean up their yard?" he asked.

"Sh, sh," whispered Grandmother loudly. "That yard belongs to this store in front, and those boxes belong to the store too."

"I'll go in first," said Mother.

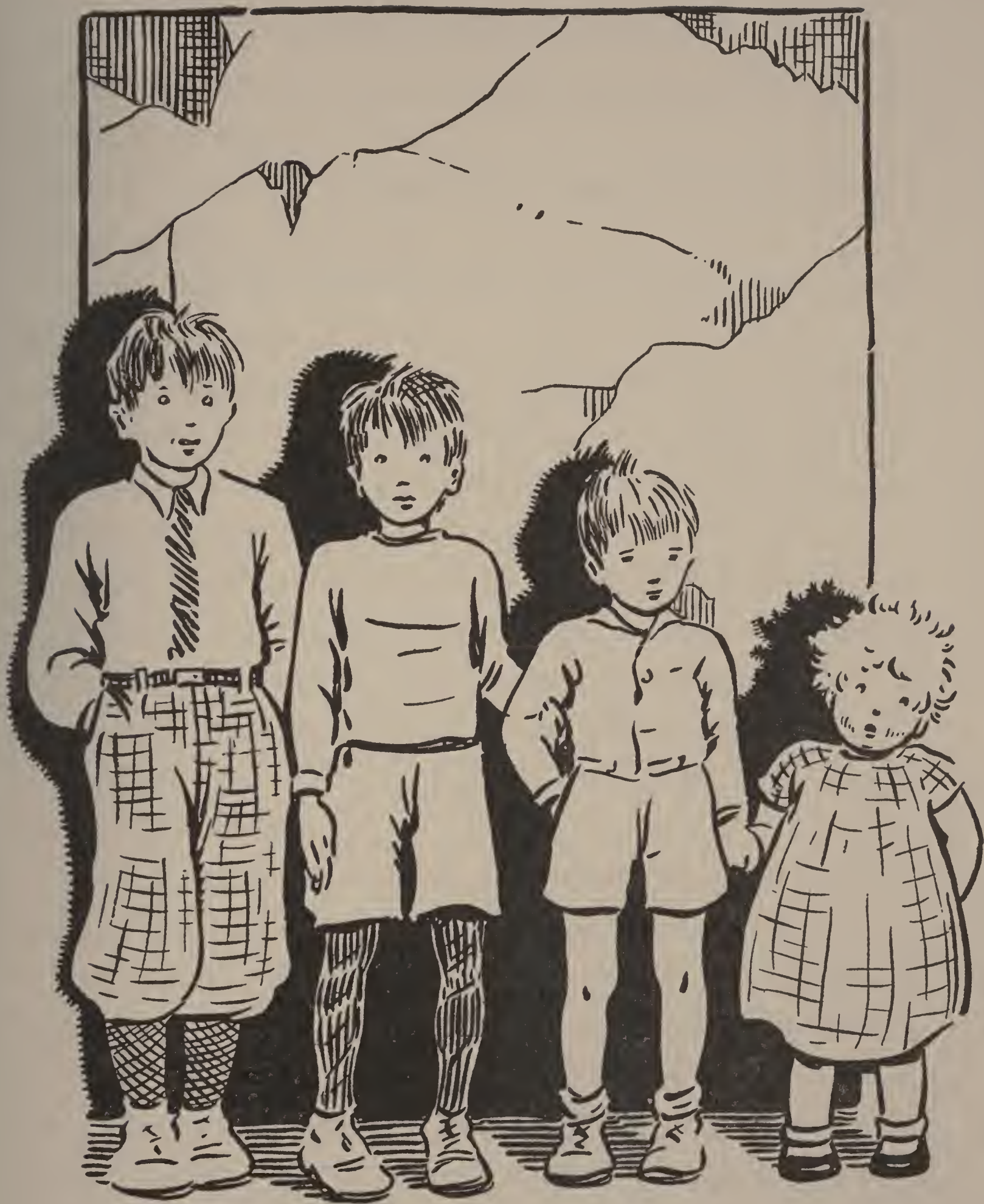
"I want to go too," said Yammy. "You said I could go in."

"Yes, let Yammy go in," suggested Grandmother. "We will sit in the car and wait."

Mother knocked at the door, but there was no answer. She knocked again and still there was no answer.

"I hear noises. Some one is in there," said Mother.

Yammy was at the window. He was laughing. He talked excitedly. "Mother, they are playing, they are running around the table. The little one is hiding something."



The children were lined up against the wall

A Visit to the Joneses

Yammy knocked hard at the window and the noises stopped suddenly.

Then the door was opened by a tiny, roly-poly, golden-haired girl.

"I'm Yammy Clumshanks. I brought you something."

The little girl looked at Yammy and then at Mother and then she turned and called in a high, squeaky voice, "Mamma, mamma, here's Yummy. He brought us something yummy."

"Hello, you are Mrs. Clumshanks, aren't you? Your husband said you might come today. When I clean his office he stops and speaks to me sometimes. He is a very kind gentleman. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones, we can stay only a few minutes."

The children were lined up against the wall, four of them. Mrs. Jones introduced each one.

"This is George. He is my biggest boy. George is eight. He usually works on Saturday, but this morning he woke up with the sniffles so I thought it best to keep him home. He has just been helping me quilt. And this is Buddy. He is seven. And this is Bobby who is six, and here is our Jolly. She is three."

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Jolly came running over to Yammy, calling at the top of her squeaky voice, "Yummy, Yummy."

Mrs. Clumshanks took Jolly in her arms. "You ARE Jolly, aren't you?"

The little girl snuggled her golden head on Mrs. Clumshanks' shoulder. "I is Jolly, I is Jolly."

"Come, sit down, Mrs. Clumshanks. George, show Yammy our workroom."

Yammy followed George and right behind them were Buddy, Bobby, and little Jolly.

"I come too, here I come. Jolly wants to come."

The workroom was the largest of the three rooms. Yammy had never seen such a peculiar room. There were very few chairs and in the center stood a large frame on which was a beautiful blue and white quilt.

"Mother is quilting and I have been helping her today," explained George.

"But I thought you bought quilts in stores?" questioned Yammy.

George laughed. "But Yammy, somebody has to make them. Of course, the factories make some, but people like the handmade quilts."

"Is it hard to do?" asked Yammy.

"No. Mamma sewed the pieces together and then she

A Visit to the Joneses

stretched it out on the frame and then Lucy helped put the cotton in."

"Who is Lucy?"

This time Buddy answered proudly, "Lucy's our big sister. She is ten. She helps Mrs. Anderson take care of their baby every Saturday and Sunday."

"My Lucy, Jolly's Lucy," cried little fat Jolly, as she ran around the quilting frame.

George picked up the needle. "See, Yammy? Then after Mamma marks off the pattern, she quilts it. You have to take tiny stitches and they must be even."

He worked his needle up and down, up and down.

"Is that another quilt there, George?" asked Yammy.

"No, that's a rug frame. That's Lucy's. She makes rugs from old silk stockings. Mother gathers up the old stockings from the girls at your father's office. Then Lucy colors them and makes rugs. Look, here's one that is finished. She will get \$3.00 for this one."

"Three dollars! Gee, she is lucky. Three dollars all her own," said Yammy thoughtfully.

"Her own?" asked George in a questioning air. "Why of course, it won't be her own. It will be Mamma's money for all of us. Lucy will get some of it to save. I'm saving some of mine too."

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Yammy just stared with big, wide-open eyes.

"I'll show you my bank." George opened the closet door and dragged a chair close. He reached high and far back in the corner. He pulled out a baking powder can with a slit in the lid. He jiggled it up and down.

Jolly held her hands high, "Jolly's rattle, Jolly's rattle."

"No, Jolly. This is George's rattle." He laughed as he mussed Jolly's ringlets.

"George, is all that your very own money?" asked Yammy.

"Yes, it is all my very own." George held up his bank proudly and threw back his shoulders. "And I earned it all by myself. I gather old papers and sell them."

Yammy's eyes were big with wonder. "I wish I had some money."

"Oh, you are just joking, you can get money whenever you want it," said George.

"No, I can't. I never had that much money. I get 25 cents on Saturdays, but that is all."

"Wheee!" whistled George. "That is all? Twenty-five cents is a lot of money. Why do you get it?"

"Well—well, for Saturday," Yammy answered uncertainly.

A Visit to the Joneses

“For Saturday? What do you mean? What do you do to get it?” asked George.

“Well, Daddy just gives it to me, to spend.”

“To spend? Don’t you save any of it?”

“No, I never did. I buy pencils and tops and gum and candy.”

George shook his head, “If you want a lot of money like this,” and George rattled his bank louder than ever, “why don’t you save it?”

“I just never thought of that.”

“There’s twelve big dollars in here. I’ve been saving for one whole year.”

“Twelve dollars! My that is a lot of money. And all your own.”

“Sure, I’m saving for a bike. Then I can run errands for people. I’ll make a lot of money for Mamma.”

Yammy just stood with his mouth open. “A bike, a bicycle,” he thought to himself. “Saving for a bicycle.”

“Come, Yammy. It is time for us to go.” Mother was at the door. “The Grandmothers will be waiting for us.”

“Oh, Mrs. Clumshanks, why didn’t you tell me they were there? I will go to the car with you.” And Mrs. Jones reached for her sweater.

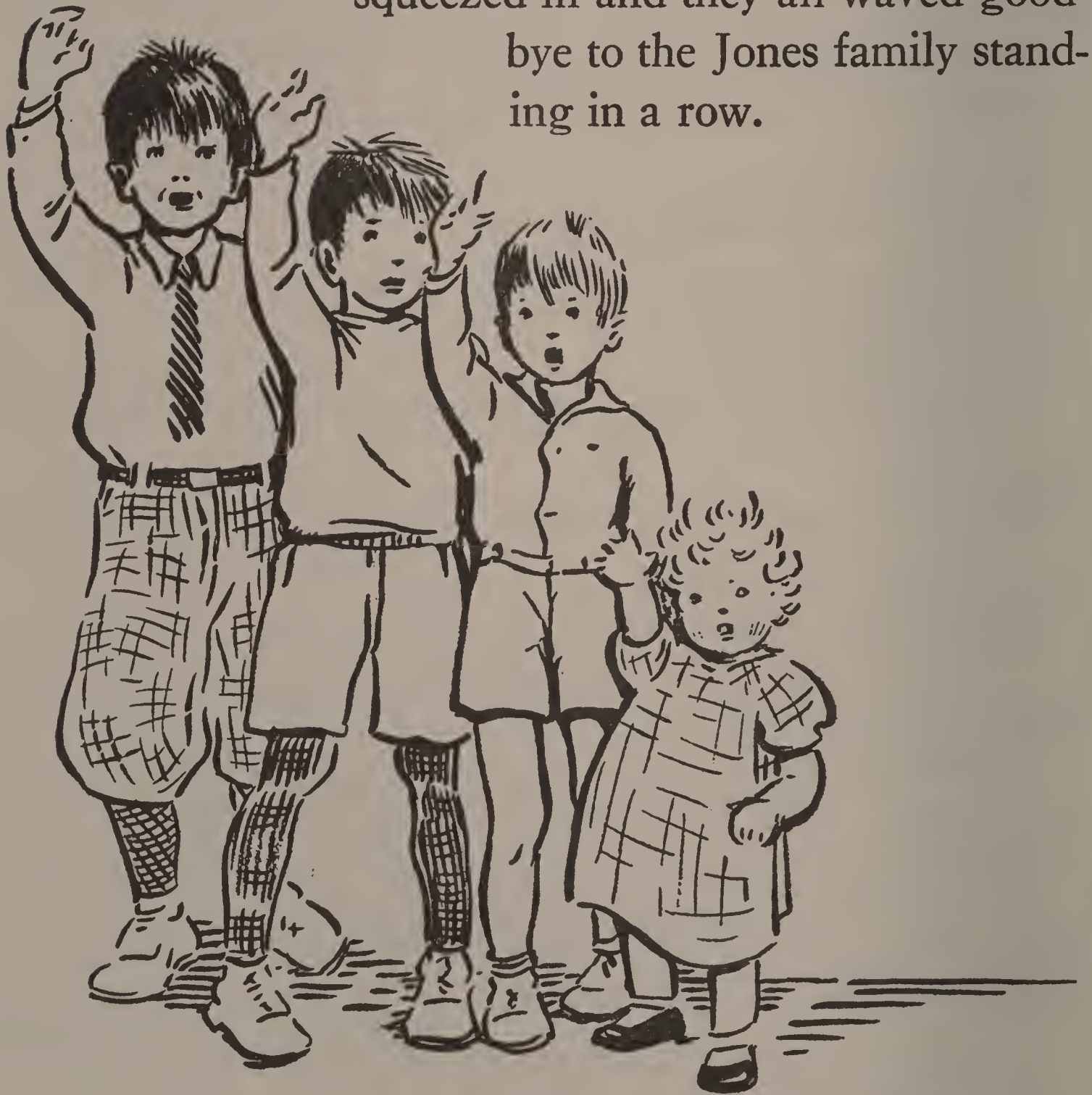
Powder was getting impatient. When Yammy stepped

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

into the yard he jumped from Grandmother's lap and ran around in circles.

Jolly tumbled after the dog. "Jolly's doggie," she sang over and over.

As Yammy climbed into the back seat Powder squeezed in and they all waved goodbye to the Jones family standing in a row.



Chapter III

YAMMY DECIDES TO WORK

*Y*AMMY, how did you like the Joneses?" asked Grandmother.

"Oh, Grandmother, I just love them all. And they all work. I think I'm going to start working."

Mother and the grandmothers laughed at Yammy. This made him very angry.

"Well, I mean it. I'm going to work."

"But Yammy dear, you can't do anything." Mother spoke in a soft voice.

Yammy was just about crying, but he brushed the tears away quickly with the back of his hand. "I can do lots of things, but you just never let me do anything. George works and he's got lots of money and he's going to buy a bicycle."

"But Yammy, he doesn't have a daddy to help him," said Grandmother.

Yammy was excited and his voice came loud. "My daddy won't buy me a bicycle, so I'm going to work for one."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Good for you, Yammy,” cheered Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well. “I’m glad to hear you talk like that. I think you are a good sport.”

Yammy’s pout turned to smiles and he reached over and kissed Grandmother on the nose.

“Mother, I think Yammy could do some work for me on Saturdays and I’ll pay him for it,” said Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear. And then she winked at Yammy.

“And he could help me too, after school. I’ll pay him for it,” said Grandmother, the one who could hear.

“And I’m not going to spend my quarters any more. I’m going to save them. Then will you let me get a bicycle?” asked Yammy.

“We’ll see. We’ll talk to Daddy about it,” Mother answered.

Daddy was waiting for them when they reached home. The Grandfathers were there too, looking for the Grandmothers.

“Let’s have lunch right away. I’m starved,” moaned Daddy.

“I’ll tell Linda,” answered Mother, as she went into the kitchen.

“Lan’ sakes, Mis’ Clumshanks,” complained Linda,

Yammy Decides to Work

the colored maid. "I sure din 'spect to hab to make lunch for an army."

"Hush, Linda, there isn't much to do, for we will have a cold lunch."

Yammy followed Mother into the kitchen.

"I'll help you, Linda, if you pay me. I'm going to start saving my money."

"Yammy Clumshanks, you git out ob here. If I'se got to make lunch for de army, I'se got to be by myself. Now git." And Linda reached for the broom.

Yammy flew from the kitchen. With his hands in his pockets he slouched into the living room. Everyone was talking at once. They were telling Mr. Clumshanks and the Grandfathers about the Joneses.

"And Jolly is a darling," spoke Mother. "I would love to get her some pretty clothes."

"Little Buddy and Bobby are well-mannered children," added Grandmother, the one who could hear.

"And I like George, he is a capable little fellow. I admire a boy like that," said Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well.

Yammy kicked at the rung on his chair and gazed at the curtains.

"What's the matter, Son?" asked Daddy.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Oh, shucks, they all treat me like a baby around here. I want to work and save my money. George is going to buy a bicycle with his own money and I want a bicycle too.”

“And I think he is right,” said Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well.

“And I, too, think he is right,” said Grandmother, the one who could hear.

“And so do I,” said the fat Grandpa.

“And I do too,” said the skinny Grandpa.

“And Mother, what do you think?” asked Daddy.

“Oh, Daddy, you know I would worry if he should get a bicycle. Tell me, what do you think?”

Daddy patted Yammy on the shoulder and then he said, “Mother, I think we will have to give in. If our boy earns his own money and saves it and wants to get a bicycle with it, we ought to let him.”

“Whoopee, whoopee,” shouted Yammy. “Gee, you’re swell, Daddy. Grandmother, I’m going home with you after lunch and I’ll work hard all afternoon. How much will you pay me?”

“We’ll see after you’ve finished your work. I’ll pay you what you are worth.”

Yammy was excited all during his meal and it was

Yammy Decides to Work

hard for him to be patient. He was anxious to really begin his work.

Grandmother was going to begin her spring house-cleaning next week. There were lots of small jobs to be done.

“We will clean this desk first,” ordered Grandmother, when she and Yammy arrived at her home.

“But I thought I was going to do real hard work, like cleaning the wall paper or something.” Yammy was disappointed.

“This is hard work. Gracious, child. I never did like to clean drawers. Come I’ll sort these papers. You take this drawer. Find all the snapshots we took last year and paste them in this album.”

“This is just play,” said Yammy disgustedly.

“It may be play for you, but it is work for me. I don’t like to do it.”

By dinnertime Yammy and Grandmother had finished with the desk and living room tables.

Yammy received two dimes and one nickel. He thanked Grandmother and kissed her on the nose. Then he trudged home, whistling gaily as he jingled the money in his pocket.

Daddy gave him his regular 25 cents.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“George has a baking powder can with a slit in the lid, and he keeps it safe in his closet,” explained Yammy. “I’ll ask Linda for one.”

Linda was busy with the last minute frills for dinner.

“Yammy Clumshanks, you knows I don’t ’low you in here when I’s gettin’ de dinner.”

“I want a baking powder can, an empty one.”

“Now where do you s’pose I would hab a empty bakin’ powder can? I frows dem away.”

“But it has to be an empty one, Linda. This is important.” Yammy held up his money. “See Linda, I told you I was saving and I want to make a bank.”

“Bless my soul, honey chile, sure ’nough you’s savin’ your moneys. I’ll see what I kin do for you.”

The baking powder can was half full but Linda emptied it into a jar. She cleaned it thoroughly and cut a slit in the top.

Yammy dropped in his quarter and then his two dimes and then his nickel.

Then Linda lifted her big, white apron, and she lifted her big, blue skirt and she reached in a little pocket of her big, gray petticoat where she kept her change purse. She drew out a new, shiny penny and dropped it in the bank.

Yammy Decides to Work

Yammy threw his arms around her big, fat waist and said, "Gee, Linda, you are SCRUMdolious."

"You is scrumdols, too, my honey chile. Now stop botherin' me and git." This time she laughed loud as she reached for the broom.

Yammy ran from the kitchen. He danced up the stairs, jingling the bank and singing as he went. "Yammy's rattle, Yammy's rattle."



Chapter IV

HOOKY, THE NEW PET

T HURSDAY was Mother's regular shopping day. The family had just finished breakfast and Mother was reading the *Community Shopping News* for bargains.

Daddy picked up part of the paper and glanced through it. He came to the ads: TO BE GIVEN AWAY. "Say, Mother," he teased. "Here are all kinds of things to be given away. You won't need any money this week." He read aloud, "Three pairs blue curtains. There you are, you wanted new curtains in the sun room."

"Hush," said Mother.

He continued reading, "Five baby kittens, ten days old. One rocking chair. Small girl's clothing, size 3, like new."

Mother looked up, "Did you say size 3, small girl's clothing?"

Hooky, the New Pet

"That's what I said, but we haven't any girls in this family," laughed Daddy.

"For Jolly, though. She is about that age. Maybe they will fit Jolly. I'm going to copy that address and go around and look at them."

Daddy slapped the paper down and kissed Mother good-bye. Yammy hurried upstairs to get his books.

On Thursdays Mother usually drove Yammy to school and continued on her way to the stores where she met the grandmothers. This morning she thought Yammy had better walk to school. That would give her more time to drive over and pick up the clothes that were to be given away.

It was a fresh spring day, with just enough warmth in the breeze to make Yammy think that summer would soon be here. A garden snake crawled across the sidewalk. Yammy watched it disappear in Mrs. Crawford's petunia bed. He thought of the five baby kittens that were to be given away.

He walked another block. Yammy smiled as he watched a cat chase a squirrel up a maple tree. He thought again of the five baby kittens. "Maybe by to-night they will be gone," he said to himself.

He walked another block. A black dog and a brown

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

dog were fighting in the street. He still thought of the five baby kittens. "I never did have a cat and here's my chance to get one," he told himself.

Yammy turned. He went toward home, the same way he had come.

"Get home, Prince," called Yammy. The brown dog chased across the yard.

Yammy hurried along.

The cat was up in the tree now and couldn't get down.

Yammy was almost home.

"Wonder if there's a snake hole in Mrs. Crawford's petunia bed," thought Yammy.

He went in the back way. Linda hadn't gone yet. She called to him, "Is dat you, Yammy Clumshanks? What is you all doing home at dis time ob day?"

"I forgot something," mumbled Yammy.

"You sho'r you all ain't into no mischief?" scolded Linda.

Yammy pretended not to hear. He picked up the *Community Shopping News*, and copied the address. "Now if I just had a bicycle, this would be easy," thought Yammy.

He tucked an old blanket under his arm and he was off.

Hooky, the New Pet

It was not long before he was home again. They were adorable, fluffy little balls. Yammy carried them to the basement.

Linda had gone by now and he was left alone. He fed them warm milk with a spoon. They mewed and cried.

He rocked them and cuddled them and played with them. Still they mewed. They wanted their mother.

He made a warm bed of cushions in the corner of the recreation room.

He heard the clock strike. Not until then did he realize he had missed school. He rushed upstairs. It was fifteen minutes after one o'clock. He grabbed an apple and ran to school.

Meantime Mother and the two Grandmothers had gotten the little girl's clothing. There were lovely dresses and a beautiful red coat and hat to match. They had also finished their marketing and lunched earlier than usual.

"Let's visit Yammy at school," said one of the Grandmothers.

"That's a good idea," answered Mother. "We haven't been there this spring."

In Yammy's room they waited quietly. The teacher

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

smiled and continued reading the story aloud. Mrs. Clumshanks and the two Grandmothers looked around.

"Where is Yammy?" loudly whispered Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well.

Mother looked worried. "I don't know," she whispered back.

The teacher finished reading and came to Mother. "Where is Yammy today?" she asked.

Mrs. Clumshanks said anxiously, "He started to school. In fact, we left the house together. I wonder what has happened to him."

Mother and the two Grandmothers climbed the stairs to the superintendent's office. Mother telephoned to Daddy. Daddy told Mother not to worry. Everything would be all right. He would come right home.

Mother sank into a chair. She felt weak. The two Grandmothers fanned her with newspapers. The superintendent gave Mother a drink of water. After a little while Mother and the two Grandmothers started for home.

They sat in the living room waiting for Daddy. Powder was outside barking as loudly as he could. He was jealous of Yammy's attention to the kittens and he tried hard to tell Mother all about it.

Hooky, the New Pet

Mother stared dreamily out of the window. She smiled sadly at Powder.

"I hear a cat somewhere," said Grandmother, the one who could hear. "I know I hear a cat. In this house, too."

"A cat," said Mother drearily. "Yammy always wanted a cat. I would get him anything he asked for, if only he were safe."

"Come now," said Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, "drink this tea."

"I tell you there's a cat in this house," Grandmother said again. With that she went toward the basement. Just as she started down the basement steps, the telephone rang and just as the telephone rang, in walked Daddy with four policemen.

Daddy rushed to Mother, "Don't worry, Mother, we'll find him. Now just tell us what happened."

The telephone kept buzzing loudly. Everyone was too excited to think about answering.

"Well, for goodness sakes alive, look down here," called Grandmother from the basement.

Daddy picked up the receiver, "Yes, yes. He is? Well, now what do you know about that! Thank you very much for calling."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

He turned to Mother, "That was the superintendent. He said Yammy is at school."

"At school?" said Mother. "At school."

"Hurry down here, I say," called Grandmother. "I told you I heard a cat, but I didn't think I heard five."

Mother jumped up. "Five cats?" she cried. Had Grandmother said five cats?

Mother and Daddy and Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, and the four policemen all marched downstairs.

There they saw the five baby kittens.

They also saw the contents of Mother's sewing basket strewn all over the floor. The kittens' milk was spilled. Mother's lovely cretonne cushions were badly torn and a lamp was overturned and broken into bits.

"Where in the world did he get them?" asked Mother.

The policemen were smiling as they helped to straighten the room.

Mother scolded, "Mr. Clumshanks, just look at what your son did! I tell you, you will have to get rid of those cats."

Daddy stood by helplessly.

The first policeman said, "I'll take this little white one for my little daughter."



"I'll take this little black one for my little son"

Hooky, the New Pet

The second policeman said, "I'll take this little black one for my little son."

The third policeman said, "I'll take this little golden one for my little granddaughter."

Then the fourth policeman said, "I'll take this little gray one for my little grandson."

And then there was only one left. A homely little bunch of fur, a mixture of all colors—black head, tan body with brownish spots, white tail and grayish white paws. It rubbed its head against Daddy's trouser leg and looked up with big, green eyes, "Mew, mew, mew."

Daddy stooped down to stroke it gently, "Mother, let's keep this one for Yammy."

When Yammy came home from school Mother was at the door waiting for him.

The minute Yammy saw Mother's face he looked toward the ground and shuffled his feet one against the other.

Mother didn't say anything. Then Yammy looked up.

"What's the matter, Mother?" he asked innocently.

Mother put her hands on her hips. "You know what's the matter, Yammy Clumshanks. And you will have to be punished for it. Now go straight to the kitchen and stand in the corner."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Yammy knew which corner Mother meant because the mark was still on the wall. Little puppy dog Powder came and stood next to him.

"Mew, mew," cried the little kitten from the basement.

"Mother," shouted Yammy joyfully, his back still toward Mother, "are you going to let me keep them?"

"No, not THEM," smiled Mother. "But you may keep one."

"Gee, Mother, you're swell," he shouted the words, and rushed down the stairs. He held the kitten in one arm as he went back to the corner.

"Woof, woof," barked Powder.

"Be quiet, Powder," scolded Yammy. "Eh—oh—Hooky. That's it. That's it—your name. Hooky is a fine name. Hooky is here for keeps and you'd better be friendly."

Powder lay his head on the floor and whined softly.

"Oh, come now, Powder. Be a good sport."

Powder barked with joy and jumped into Yammy's other arm.

Chapter V

GEORGE AND YAMMY MAKE A PLAN

THE sun shone brightly in Yammy's room and the warm perfumed air flowed softly in. "Gee, it's a swell day," thought Yammy. "Summer will soon be here."

He stood by the window and turned on the radio.

The morning exercises sang loudly, "One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four." Yammy began, up and down, legs out, legs in, head up, head sideways. "That makes me feel grand. I'm going to do this every morning. I'll have the biggest muscles of any boy in school."

"Yammy, Yammy," called Mother. "If you want to keep this kitten, you will have to get up earlier in the morning and take care of it."

"I'm up, Mother. I'll get the milk for Hooky." Yammy was downstairs in a minute.

"Mew, mew," Hooky was under the stove, but when she heard Yammy she ran out to meet him.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"Are you hungry, Hooky? Linda, may I have this saucer for Hooky?"

"I ain't got no time for dat cat, goodness knows, Yammy Clumshanks. Powder bothers me 'nough. I hab been takin' care of dat cat eber since it's ben here and I'se through."

"I'll take care of it, Linda. I'll take care of you, Hooky." Yammy poured the milk into the saucer.

"Mother are you going to take the clothes to Jolly next Saturday?" Yammy asked.

"I hope to, Yammy. I thought surely we would have them there before now," Mother answered.

"May I go with you?" asked Yammy.

"We'll see. You are a working man now. You just can't take time off when you want to. Grandmother will be expecting you to help her."

"That's right. I'm going to start on her basement. That's a big job."

"And Grandmother said she would give me a dollar for it. Oh boy, I know I will get that bicycle soon."

Hooky's milk was all gone. She started to mew again.

"I'll get you some more, Hooky. You are a hungry little thing." Yammy filled the saucer again.

George and Yammy Make a Plan

“Gee, Mother, I’d like to go to the Joneses with you. I wish I could.”

“Maybe you could make some arrangements,” suggested Mother.

“I’ll call Grandmother.”

And it was decided that Yammy come a few nights after school and finish the job the next week.

Saturday morning the Joneses were all very busy. Mrs. Jones and Lucy were both out working. George was taking care of the smaller ones and even then he was working as he did that. The quilt was almost finished.

“For Yummy, Yummy, Yummy.” Fat, little Jolly held up an old teddy bear.

“And we have something for Jolly,” said Yammy.

“Mother, let’s dress her and surprise Mrs. Jones.”

Yammy, George, Buddy, Bobby, and Jolly stood around the box as Mrs. Clumshanks unfolded the little dresses.

“Jolly’s dresses, Jolly’s dresses,” she sang and danced around and around.

“Yes, Jolly’s dresses. Let’s try this blue one.”

“Blue dress? Jolly’s blue dress. Ooooooh, pretty dress. Ooooooh, pretty Jolly.” She smoothed her dress.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“She’s like a real live doll, isn’t she, Mother?”

Jolly was—all blue and white—with big, blue eyes and her golden curls were like a frilly, lace cap around her face.

Mrs. Clumshanks packed the rest of the clothes back into the box.

“Now Jolly and I will get dinner for Mamma, shall we, Jolly?” Mrs. Clumshanks gave Jolly a good squeeze. Then she turned to Buddy.

“When will Mamma be home?”

“Mom will be home about 12 o’clock,” he answered.

“Mother, I’ll help George a little while,” said Yammy.

As soon as George and Yammy were in the work room, Yammy whispered, “Say, George, I got a bank. I’m saving for a bicycle.”

“Are you really? How much have you got?”

“Two dollars and twenty-five cents.”

“Whee—\$2.25. Where did you get it?” George was interested.

“I help my grandmothers on Saturdays. I just had to tell you. I helped them after school all this week.”

“Say, maybe we could get our bikes together and they will give them to us cheaper.” George smiled and scratched his head.



"She's like a real live doll, isn't she, Mother?"

George and Yammy Make a Plan

“Yes, let’s get the same kind of bicycle. But why will we get them cheaper?” asked Yammy.

George looked disgusted. “That’s big business,” he said slowly.

“Big bithness,” repeated Jolly as she rolled over and over like a little fat bug.

“I’d like to get mine next Christmas,” said Yammy.

“That’s when I got it figured I can get mine. Gee, if I get a bike, I can deliver packages and run errands. Then I’ll really be helping Mamma.”

“Come, Yammy. We should be going.”

Yammy grabbed his hat and followed Mother. George walked to the car with them.

“Good-bye, Yammy, I’ll be seeing you.”

“Can’t you come some Saturday afternoon, this next Saturday?”

“Maybe I can, I will try. I will call you Saturday morning.”

“I’ll be at grandmother’s, you will have to call me there.”

“All right, about 10 o’clock.”

“O. K. that’s a date.”

Chapter VI

DADDY'S SURPRISE

*Y*AMMY went over to Grandmother's early Saturday morning.

He told Grandmother that George might come in the afternoon and he wanted to finish his work by noon.

"I'll tell you what let's do. That is, if George comes. Let's go to the zoo this afternoon."

"Oh, Grandmother, you are SCRUMdolious."

Just then the telephone rang.

"I'll take it, Grandmother."

It was George. As soon as George finished talking, Yammy slumped in a heap on the stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked Grandmother.

"Oh, gee, George can't come."

"Why not?"

"Because he is going to clean a yard. Now I won't have any fun." Yammy sat with a pouty face.

"Shame on you, Yammy. Was George grumbling about it too?"

Daddy's Surprise

"No, but he was sorry. He said he needed work." Yammy held his face in his hands.

"Come now, you are just as much of a man as George. Stop that pouting." Grandmother patted him on the back. "That gives me an idea. Yammy, do you think you could clean a yard?"

"Sure, I could clean a yard. If George can do it, so can I. Only you won't let me do that. You always get a yard man."

"Well, Yammy, maybe this year I will let you be my yard man. I will pay you instead of our regular yard man. How does that sound to you?"

"Gee, Grandmother, my bank will be full before I know it. And I'll keep your yard as slick as a whistle."

And Yammy did.

Every Saturday he was at one of the Grandmothers or else he was home cleaning his own yard.

And every Saturday he dropped the quarters in the baking powder bank.

The Grandmothers and the Grandfathers and Mother and Daddy were all very proud of the way Yammy had really saved his money.

But proudest of all was Yammy himself. He would count his money over and over again. He looked for-

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

ward to the long summer, when he could do some work every day, instead of just on Saturday.

One evening early in June Daddy came home all excited.

"I'm starved, let's have dinner right away," said Daddy. "I have lots to tell you."

Mother took hold of one arm and Yammy took hold of the other arm and together they dragged him into the living room.

"Is it a letter from Uncle Yammy?" asked Mother.

"Tell us now, Daddy. Dinner won't be ready for a long time," begged Yammy.

"No, I'm not going to tell till I get something to eat," teased Daddy.

"Oh, please do," said Mother. "The Grandmothers and Grandfathers are coming to dinner tonight and they won't be here for a while."

"No, I can't tell until I get something to eat."

With that Daddy flopped in his big easy chair and Yammy read the funny papers to make the time go faster.

At dinner time, as soon as they were all seated around the table, Daddy started to tell.

"I have to be in California for three months."

Daddy's Surprise

"For three whole months? What will we do without you?" asked Mother. The little wrinkles were beginning to show in Mother's forehead.

"Why, Mother, I wouldn't go without you and Yammy. I want you both to go with me."

"To California!" shouted Yammy. "All the way to California. Oh, boy, what a grand vacation."

"Quiet, Yammy. Let Daddy talk."

"We will have to leave as soon as school is out," explained Daddy.

The Grandmother who could hear and the Grandfathers were smiling broadly. But Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, held her hand to her ear.

As soon as Yammy noticed this, he ran around and told her everything in her good ear. Then she smiled too.

She turned to the fat Grandfather and said, "I have a notion to go myself. I haven't been to California for years and years."

"Why, of course, go if you want to," said the fat Grandfather, and he leaned over to be sure Grandmother heard him.

"Yes, sir, I will," she said shaking her head.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"And why don't you go too?" asked the thin Grandfather to the Grandmother who heard everything.

"Yes, sir, I will," she said and shook her head too.

"Oh boy, oh gee." Yammy ran around the table and kissed the Grandmothers on the noses. "Aren't we going to have a wonderful summer?"

"Yammy, sit down. You shouldn't be jumping around during a meal," corrected Mother.

"Yes, Mother." And Yammy sat very still for about one minute. Then he jumped up suddenly.

"Mother, what about my bicycle?"

"Well, what about your bicycle?" asked Daddy.

"I won't be able to clean the yards if I go away." Yammy was speaking in a high and excited voice. "No, I'm not going, I'll stay here with the Grandpas, 'cause I want to save for my bicycle."

"Not so loud," hushed Mother.

Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, smiled. "Yammy, I think you are growing into a fine worker. There will be lots of ways to fill your bank. You can help with the luggage for one thing."

"But who will clean your yard?"

"I suppose I'll have to get my old yard man back again."

Daddy's Surprise

Yammy pushed his chocolate cake and jello to one side and thumped his fingers on the table. All of a sudden, he took a big bite of the chocolate cake and talked fast.

"I have it, Grandmother. I have a swell idea. Now that I can't clean the yards, couldn't you hire George? He would love to earn that money."

"Yammy, I'm downright proud of you," said Grandmother.

After dinner, Mother and Yammy helped carry some of the dishes to the kitchen.

"Miss Clumshanks, I done heard you all is gwine to California. If you all is gwine away all de summer, I'se gwine be gone too. I'se gwine to visit my kinfolks down in Alabam."

"I think that can be arranged, Linda. You haven't been there for a long time."

"But who will take care of Powder and Hooky?" asked Yammy.

"Yammy Clumshanks, you'se don't need to think I'se gwine to stay home for dem animals."

"But Linda, someone has to take care of them. Please, Mother, let me take them."

"We can't possibly think of that, Yammy."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Please, Mother. They won’t be any bother.”

Powder barked loudly and ran in and out of Yammy’s legs. Powder knew they were talking about him.

“Never mind, Powder, I’ll be thinking of you.” Yammy held him close and carried him into the living room. Hooky followed.

“Mother, do you know what?” asked Yammy.

“No, what?”

“The Joneses will take Hooky for the summer. Jolly would be so glad to have her. Then we’ll take Powder with us.”

“I’ll help take care of Powder, if you’ll let him go,” said Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well.

“I would be worried having a dog trailing us everywhere we went. Where would he eat? Where would he sleep?” questioned Mother.

“Yammy and I will find a way. Besides I’d like to have Powder sleep under my bed. I don’t like to sleep in a hotel room all alone.”

“Then Grandmother, you and Yammy will have to take full charge of Powder.”

Grandmother and Yammy danced and sang *Ring Around a Rosy*, until they almost became dizzy. Powder gave one loud bark of happiness.

Chapter VII

PLANS FOR THE TRIP

WITH California in Yammy's mind the last two weeks of school passed quickly. Yammy worked every Saturday and every evening after school.

George came one day to help Yammy and to see just what he was to do before the Grandmothers left. He was glad to have so much work for the summer. Hooky was already living with the Joneses.

The trunk and suitcases were packed and all the last minute things were taken care of. Now they were just waiting for tomorrow evening to come.

Daddy came home in the afternoon. Yammy knew something was wrong. Daddy rushed in to Mother. He said in a soft voice, "I won't be able to leave tomorrow. Something came up at the office."

Mother became upset and said excitedly, "What's the trouble? What happened, Daddy? Tell us, tell us."

"Don't worry, Mother. Everything will be all right."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

There is an important meeting day after tomorrow and I must be there."

"Oh, shucks, Daddy. Won't we go to California?" Yammy was disappointed.

"Surely, we will go. You all won't have to change your plans. You will leave tomorrow evening and I'll take a plane and meet you in Los Angeles," explained Daddy.

"Will it be long before you come?" asked Mother.

"No, I will get there just a few days after you. Uncle Yammy will be in Los Angeles. I wanted to surprise you. But now I just had to tell you. He will be there to meet you."

Yammy burst out with a loud, "Hurrah, Daddy. We will really be with Uncle Yammy. Oh, I can't wait to see him."

Mother was smiling. "That *is* a surprise. Have you known it very long? We will be glad to see him, but I do wish you could come with us."

"I know you do, Mother, but I can't manage it. If I take the plane it won't really be such a long time."

"Oh, Daddy, please let me go with you? I never was in an airplane. Please, please."

Daddy looked at Mother, but Mother shook her head.

Plans for the Trip

“No, Yammy, that will never do. Daddy has business to attend to and he can’t be thinking of you.”

“Oh please, Mother? Every boy should ride in an airplane some time in his life.”

Mother’s forehead was crinkled into little lines. Yammy knew that she was worrying again. “You always get into mischief. What will you do without me to watch you?”

Daddy took hold of Yammy’s shoulder and put his other arm around Mother. “I think it would be a good thing for Yammy to fly with me. We two will get along nicely. It will only be a short while without you.”

Then Daddy kissed Mother and Mother smiled. And then Yammy knew he could go the airplane way.

The Grandmothers and the Grandfathers came over early the next evening. Mother had called them and told them all about changing the plans, and they wanted to hear more. And so Mother told them all over again.

“And where’s Yammy now?” they all asked.

He was sitting on his bed counting his money. \$10.75. He counted it three times. Powder sniffed at the quarters.

“Powder Clumshanks, what would you do with money?” Yammy dropped the quarters one by one into

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

the can. Powder pushed the can across the floor. He liked the rattling noise it made.

"Come, Yammy," called Grandmother impatiently. "We won't have much time to be together before we start. Come and help carry these suitcases to the car."

"I'm coming," called Yammy.

Yammy and Daddy and the Grandfathers were going to take the rest of the family to the train. Yammy helped carry the suitcases to the car. He helped haul the trunk to the porch and soon they were ready to go. They all climbed into the big car.

"Powder," called Grandmother. "I almost forgot. I'm taking Powder with me."

"I'll get him," Yammy bounced up the steps and into the house.

"Powder, Powder," he called, but no Powder came.

Yammy hopped up the stairs. "Where are you, Powder?"

Powder was not upstairs. Yammy called loudly and whistled.

"Bark, bark," a muffled sound came from the attic.

Yammy climbed the attic stairs. "What are you doing up here? You know you shouldn't go up there."

Yammy lifted him and rubbed his woolly back. "Good

Plans for the Trip

old Powder. What's the trouble? Don't you want to go without me?"

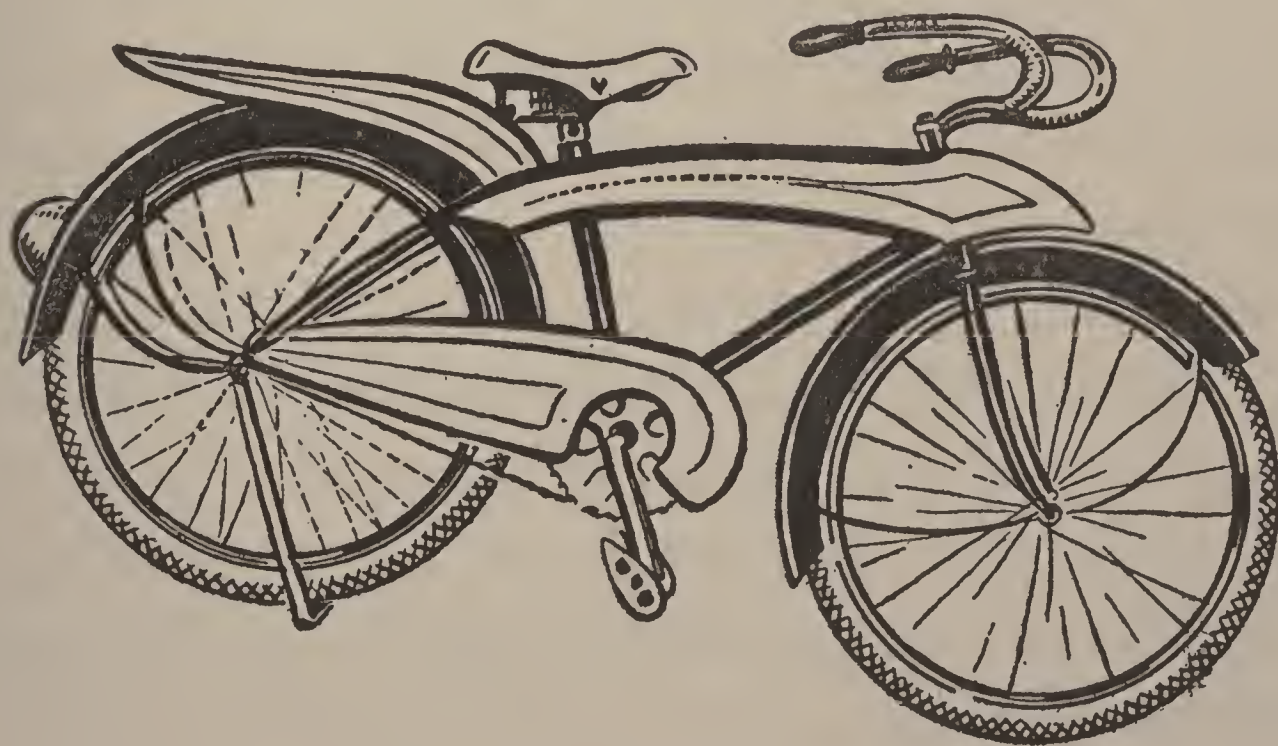
Yammy hurried out of the house and into the car, with Powder on his lap. "I guess he hated to leave me. He was hiding up in the attic."

"The attic?" said Mother. "Did someone leave that attic door open again?"

Yammy defended himself, "I guess Linda did it when she got the suitcases."

One hour later they were all saying good-bye to each other. Mother had tears in her eyes and she hugged Yammy until he said, "Ouch."

Then Daddy and Yammy and the Grandfathers drove home.



Chapter VIII

THE PLANE RIDE

THREE days later Yammy and Daddy took a cab to the airport.

It was an exciting, noisy place with the planes coming and going. People were hurrying and scurrying here and there. The large floodlights were flashing on and off.

Daddy did not let go of Yammy's hand a minute, not until they were safely seated in the plane.

Yammy's eyes were big with wonder. There seemed to be a moment of complete stillness and then—a powerful roar. The propellers were buzzing. Then up, up, up, and then—just a soft, whirring sound. Up—up—Yammy didn't say a word.

Daddy put his arm around the back of Yammy's chair, "Look down, Son." The boy looked down. He was high in the sky above Chicago. The lights were slowly coming on, up and down the streets all over the city. The downtown section was bright with electric signs.

The Plane Ride

"It looks like the sky," said Yammy. "Only I am looking down, instead of up. The lights are like stars and State Street is the Milky Way."

Even far out on black Lake Michigan the lights from the ships could be seen.

Yammy sat watching until the brightness dimmed. The airplane went on faster and faster, and higher and higher, nearer to the heavens.

Shortly after dark Yammy's head dropped to Daddy's shoulder. The stewardess made ready his bed and in no time he was sound asleep.

In the morning he was sailing above Colorado. He could see miles of rich evergreen forests on the mountainous country. The rivers looked like threads winding in and around the hills.

They were high above the highest of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak.

"It looks just like a big birthday cake covered with whipped cream frosting," said Yammy. "And then a layer of brown frosting and then a layer of green frosting."

And it truly did, for the top was covered with deep snow. Farther down, it was too warm for snow, but too cold for anything to grow. There the earth was brown.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Still farther down were the fir and pine trees, and below this line the oaks and elm trees and other green things were growing.

They left beautiful Colorado behind and came to the dismal, clay soil of Utah and the sandy plains of Nevada.

The airplane was rising higher and higher. They were flying over the Sierra Nevada Range. Yammy looked out and saw these mountains standing like tall, proud queens in white robes.

Before they knew it they were circling above Los Angeles. Down, down—slower, slower—stop. There they were at the airport. It had been a wonderful ride.

They drove directly to the hotel. Mother and the Grandmothers and Uncle Yammy and Powder were in the lounge waiting for them.

“Hello. Hello, everybody,” shouted Daddy as he kissed Mother.

“Hello, Uncle Yammy,” and Yammy was in his uncle’s arms.

Powder gave little barks of laughter and ran around Yammy in circles. Yammy was just as glad to see Powder. Yammy jumped up and down and ran after Powder. They kept going faster and faster and made a terrible lot of noise.

The Plane Ride

Mother called to him, "Yammy, come over here and stand still. You are disturbing everyone."

Yammy stood beside Uncle Yammy. Mother and the Grandmothers were telling Daddy of their plans.

They were to stay at Malibu Beach for several weeks and then spend the rest of the time at Santa Catalina Island.

"Catalina Island, did you say?" cried out Yammy. "The baseball players train there. Gee, Mother, you are SCRUMdolious." Powder began to bark again.

Daddy said, "You are right about your mother, Yammy. And you are right about the ball players. But they will not be training now."

"Well, I won't care. Catalina Island is a grand place." Yammy was so happy that he threw his hat up in the air. He was still so happy that he did it again and again. Each time he threw it a little bit higher.

All of a sudden it did not come down. It was caught on a large drop of the sparkling, crystal chandelier. It landed with such force that the chandelier began to sway back and forth. Everyone in the lounge looked up.

The chandelier kept swaying back and forth, back and forth. Some of the women in the lounge feared that

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

it would drop and quickly rushed away, Mother and the Grandmothers among them.

By this time the manager had called the Fire Department which had put up a tall ladder and recovered the hat. Soon the lounge was quiet again. "Now, whoever would do a thing like that?" asked Mother of her family.

Yammy stood with his hands in his pockets.

The elevator was waiting. Mother and Daddy and the Grandmothers and Uncle Yammy and Yammy and Powder went up to their rooms.

As Yammy entered the door, Mother noticed he didn't have any hat.

"Yammy Clumshanks," she said in a loud, surprised tone, "was that your hat?"

All Yammy could say was, "Why—a, why—a—"

"Never you mind any excuses. You go right downstairs and get your hat."

And Yammy did.

When he got back Mother made a little mark on the wall in the corner. Yammy stood for one whole hour with his nose against it. Powder took up his usual place and hung his head low and dropped his tail between his legs.

Chapter IX

A TRIP TO MEXICO

MOTHER and Daddy and the Grandmothers and Uncle Yammy and Powder found a tiny house that looked out to the ocean. It was rather crowded but there were so many things to do they did not stay in the house very much.

They took long automobile rides up and down the Pacific Coast.

Often they stopped at Rodondo Beach, one of the largest fishing piers along the Pacific Coast. Sometimes they just strolled around the pier watching the countless fishermen. Sometimes they looked into the fishing booths, where all kinds of fish were for sale—lobsters and crab and catfish and sunfish and whale meat and salmon and oysters and abalone and perch and sturgeon and shrimp.

“I’d like to fish,” said Yammy. “I’d like to fish and sell the fish I caught. I haven’t made any money for a long time. My bank never will get full, if I don’t put any money in it.”

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Yammy, it would be hard to sell fish around here. Everyone fishes for himself or else he buys from the fishermen,” answered Mother.

“Well, I could be a fisherman. I want to make some money.”

“I have it,” said Uncle Yammy. He was interested in Yammy’s bank. He thought it was a splendid idea for Yammy to save his money and he wanted to help him.

Uncle Yammy spoke to Mother, “You buy fish every so often for our dinner. If Yammy and I catch the fish won’t you buy them from us instead of the fisherman?”

“Uncle Yammy, that’s a grand idea,” shouted Yammy. “And then I’ll make some money.”

Mother smiled, “I don’t see why I can’t buy them from you.”

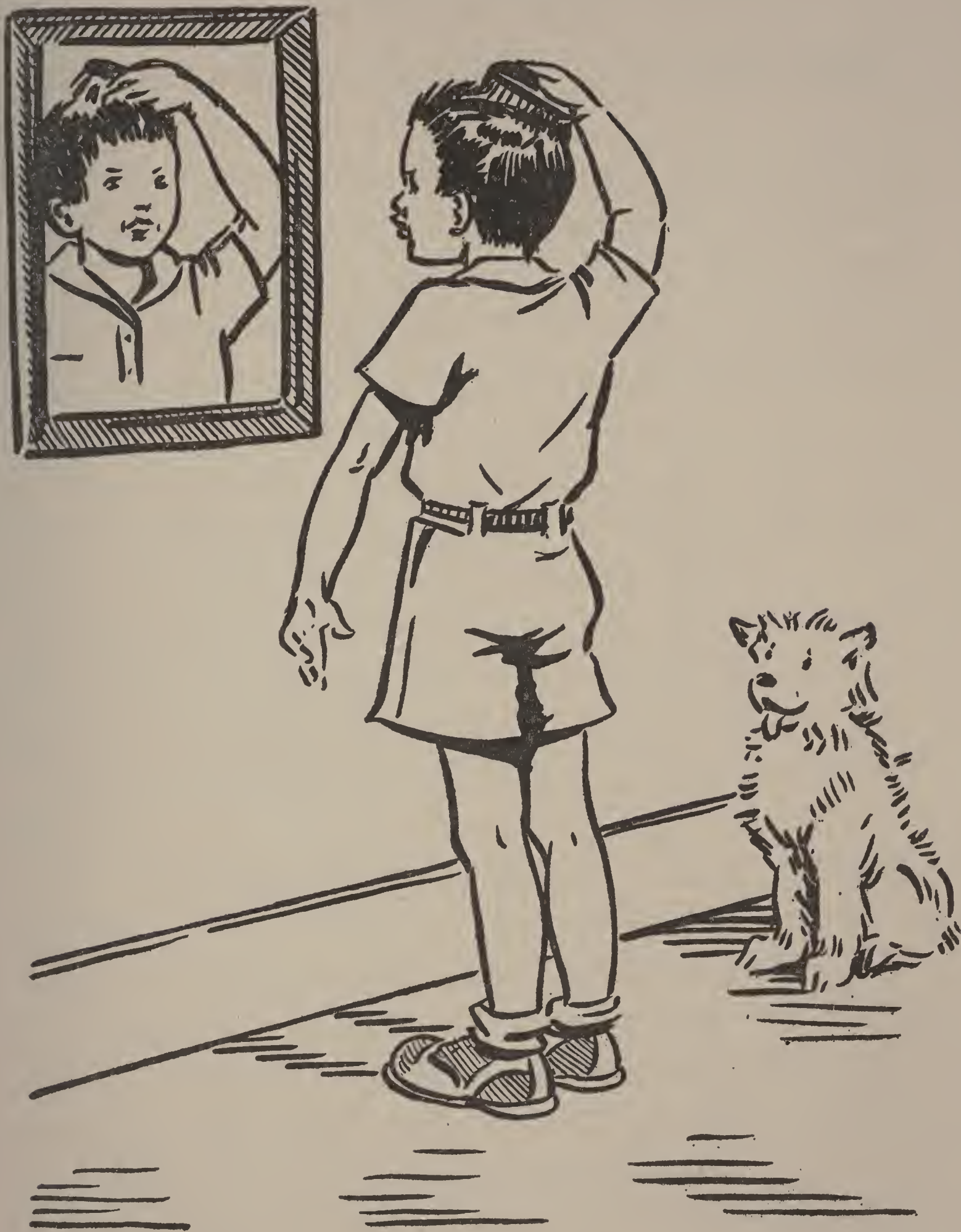
“I think I’ll join the fishermen, too,” said Daddy.

And from then on there were long, lazy days of sitting alongside the old fishermen.

And Yammy dropped quarters in an empty match box, for he had left his baking powder bank at home.

“We’ll have to take a trip to Mexico while we are out west,” suggested Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well.

“That’s what I have been thinking,” answered Daddy.



He brushed his hair flat with water

A Trip to Mexico

“Oh no, Daddy, I would rather stay here and fish,” said Yammy.

“But it will only take a day or two,” spoke Mother.

And a week later on a Wednesday morning they all got up extra early. They were going to drive to Tia Juana, a little village just across the border in Mexico.

Uncle Yammy could not go because he had some very important things to do.

Yammy dressed in his white linen suit, white polo shirt and white oxfords. He brushed his hair flat with water. He looked slick and fresh and clean.

Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, said, “Boy, you are a fine, healthy, strong lad, and nice-looking, too, especially with that coat of tan.”

Yammy grinned all over and kissed Grandmother on the nose.

He climbed in the front seat of the car with Daddy and Powder. He could see much better in front.

The air was clear and warm. It was an ideal day for seeing things: the calm ocean on one side, all shades of blue—blackish blue, greenish blue, turquoise blue and pale, pale blue. And on the other side were the mountains—deep, deep purple mountains.

Yammy had seen brown mountains and black moun-

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

ains and white mountains covered with snow, and green mountains covered with forests. But he had never seen deep, deep purple mountains before.

The farther south they drove the brighter everything became. Yammy wore his sun glasses.

The Mexican Government Inspectors were standing at the borderline. Daddy stopped. The Inspectors were polite and very friendly.

The Chief Inspector said, "Be sure to be back by six o'clock or you will have to stay overnight."

"Thank you," answered Daddy. "We're just here for the day."

The village of Tia Juana was exactly like the villages in the stories of Old Mexico. Donkey with carts and dogs tramped along the dusty, unpaved streets. Men and women and children in bright clothes squatted along the roadside. They molded little people and animals from the roadside clay.

Pepper trees grew everywhere and children were everywhere too. They begged, "Pennies, please, pennies. Please, Mister, give us a penny." Yammy liked these children—smiling and brown, without shoes and stockings on their feet. Daddy threw pennies in the dusty street.

A Trip to Mexico

The houses and shops were small and dingy-looking. The Grandmothers wanted to visit the shops, but Daddy, who was always hungry said, "I came down here to eat and I'm hungry."

"Poor man," said Grandmother, the one who could hear, "I guess we'll have to humor him and eat first."

And so they did.

After dinner Mother and the Grandmothers rambled through the shops. Yammy and Powder stayed with Daddy. They walked leisurely to the other side of the street. "I want to get some Mexican jumping beans," said Yammy.

Daddy replied, "Let's sit here on the patio a while and get some later. I feel lazy, I ate too much."

Daddy stretched himself out on a comfortable chair and in less than ten minutes he forgot all about Yammy and Powder.

And Yammy, after watching the children for about ten minutes, forgot all about Daddy.

Yammy followed the children down a narrow lane. At first they didn't seem to like him.

He pulled his fresh, white polo shirt over his head. Yammy offered it to a smiling, brown boy. The children drew closer to him.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Next came his white oxfords. He offered them to another boy. Then his socks to another.

He put his hands in his pockets. The children crowded around him. They said, "More, more?"

Yammy emptied his pockets—string, buttons, two marbles, a toy watch, a blue crumpled envelope, and a dirty handkerchief. The boys took all.

Now they let him trudge along.

He followed them up a side street, through the ditches and back of the shops. By this time, he was as dirty and brown as the Mexican children.

They went up and down the streets crying, "Pennies, please; pennies." When they came to the busiest corner they sang and danced.

A few people gathered around and clapped and threw pennies to them. More men and women came. Then more and more bunched together. The crowd became large and soon the entire street was filled.

Yammy was having a grand time, singing and dancing and picking up the pennies.

Meanwhile Mother and the Grandmothers had gone in and out of all the shops. Their arms were full of Mexican pottery and fine Mexican laces, even a sombrero for Yammy.

A Trip to Mexico

There seems to be some excitement over there," said Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well. And she pointed toward the crowd.

"Let us go see what it is," suggested the other Grandmother.

They crossed the street and edged themselves to the front. Of course, they did not recognize Yammy. He was frightfully dirty by now.

"They are dear, bright, little fellows," said Mother. "It is a shame they do not have better care."

"Watch that one doing the clogging," said Grandmother, the one who could hear. "He reminds me of Yammy with those great, big, brown eyes."

"Oh, Grandmother, how can you say such a thing?" asked Mother in a shocked tone.

"I mean it," insisted Grandmother. "Yammy does that little clogging step, just like that."

"I'm thankful to know Yammy has such good care," answered Mother.

Just then Powder came barking up to Yammy. He pulled at Yammy's soiled trouser leg.

"There's Powder," called Grandmother. "That is Yammy Clumshanks, as sure as I'm standing here with my arms full of bundles."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

For a minute Mother was too completely surprised to do anything. Then her packages went sailing in all directions. She made a flying leap, caught Yammy by his torn trousers and dragged him down the street.

“Yammy Clumshanks, how did you get with those dirty boys? Where in the world is Daddy?” scolded Mother.

“Why, I just a—I just a—” was all Yammy could say.

There was Daddy snoring loudly just where Yammy had left him. Mother shook him. He awakened with a start.

“Daddy Clumshanks,” scolded Mother harshly. “Look at your son. Why didn’t you watch him?”

The Grandmothers came hurrying down the street after they had picked up as many of the packages as they could. They all climbed in the automobile and started home.

It was a very, very long tiresome journey home.

Yammy whined and fretted, “I didn’t get my Mexican jumping beans, I didn’t, no I didn’t.”

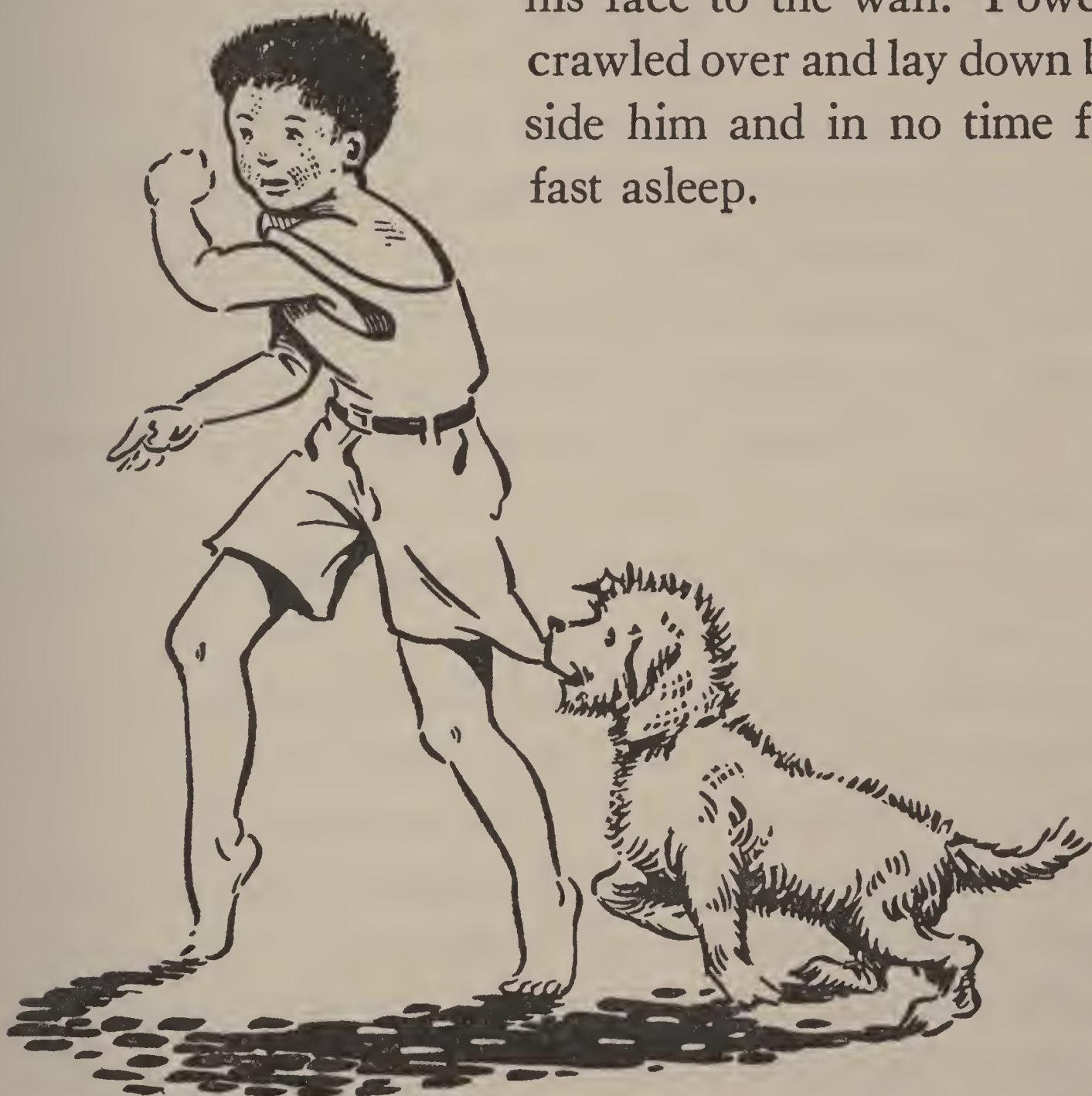
Yammy was very tired when they reached the tiny house.

“Why did you do such a thing? You are such a thoughtless boy,” said Mother.

A Trip to Mexico

“No, I’m not. I wanted to get some pennies for my bank.” And Yammy pulled out seven pennies from his soiled and torn trousers.

But nevertheless, he stood for one whole hour with his face to the wall. Powder crawled over and lay down beside him and in no time fell fast asleep.



Chapter X

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND AND HOME AGAIN

ALL the next week Yammy was a very quiet little boy. He spent most of the time fishing with Uncle Yammy.

They had grown to be very good friends the last two months. They wanted to be together as much as possible. Uncle Yammy was leaving for Hawaii the end of the week.

"I wish you could go to Catalina Island with us," said Yammy.

"I do too, but I have lots and lots of business to do."

The week passed too quickly. Mother and the Grandmothers and Yammy and Powder were all standing on the pier waiting to get on the boat for Santa Catalina Island. Uncle Yammy and Daddy came down to say good-bye. Uncle Yammy was sailing on another boat for Hawaii in the morning and Daddy was to be with them later.

"Toot, toot, toot."

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

“There’s the whistle,” said Daddy. “You may get on the boat now.”

It took a few minutes to say last good-byes.

“Toot, toot, toot.”

“There’s the second whistle,” called Daddy. “You’d better be hustling.”

Yammy held tightly to Uncle Yammy’s hand.

“Gee, I wish you could go with us.”

Uncle Yammy squeezed his hand, “So do I, old pal.”

Daddy said, “I’ll see you the end of the week.”

They hurried to the boat. Yammy found the top deck and waved to Daddy and Uncle Yammy.

“Have a grand time, Yammy, and watch for the whales,” called Uncle Yammy.

“I will,” shouted Yammy.

Uncle Yammy and Daddy stood on the pier waving their handkerchiefs. Yammy watched them until they were tiny specks.

Yammy and Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well, bought oyster crackers to feed the sea gulls. The birds were very tame. The large, white birds would swoop down and catch the crackers in their mouths.

The sea was calm and the island could be seen in the distance.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"That island looks hilly," said Yammy.

"Yes," answered Mother. "It is one of a group of islands—the Santa Barbara Islands. They are really a group of mountains in the water. We just see the tops of the mountains peeking above the water."

"Look," shouted Yammy, "over that way. It's a whale, I know it is a whale."

"I do believe it is, but we'll ask the steward to be sure," said Mother.

"Yes," answered the steward. "It is a whale, we see them often. They follow the boats looking for food." He gave Yammy his field glasses.

Yammy saw the huge, black body tossing in and out of the water. "Whoopee," he yelled. "Gee, he is a whale of a fish," and Yammy laughed at his own joke.

They were nearing Santa Catalina Island. They could see the stretch of white, sandy beach, with little hills behind it.

"And there's the beautiful hotel," said one of the Grandmothers.

Before they knew it, they were all in the elevator and then in their rooms.

"I want to go in swimming the first thing," said Yammy.

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

But the trunks had not yet arrived and Yammy could not go swimming.

“But never you mind,” spoke Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well. “Yammy, you and I will go in the glass bottom boat and see the tropical fish. I always did want to see them.”

Mother decided to lie down a while. Grandmother, the one who could hear, thought she would write letters and then look in the shops.

After lunch Yammy and his Grandmother boarded the glass bottom boat. They scrambled down the ladder to the bottom deck. They sat with their arms on the rail and looked down through the clear glass. The boat sailed out and into the undersea gardens. The water became deeper, but it was so clear they could see the very bottom of the ocean.

The seaweed and seafern swayed back and forth as the fish swam in and out. There were starfish, so perfect they did not look real. The abalone and jellyfish clung to the rocks. The goldfish darted everywhere like streaks of sunshine. It was an ocean fairy land.

Yammy and Grandmother were not gone very long. They decided to go back to the hotel and write letters to the Grandfathers and to the Joneses.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"I haven't written to George for a long time. I wonder how much he has saved this summer."

Yammy and Grandmother sauntered into their rooms, all tired out. Yammy slouched in a chair and stretched out his legs. "If only I could go swimming," he yawned.

"You can," brightly said Grandmother, the one who could hear. "I surprised you and bought a new bathing suit. I saw it in the shops."

"Whoops, Grandmother, thanks," shouted Yammy, as he kissed her on the nose. He hurriedly tore open the package.

But when he held it up, his face twisted into a terrible scowl. The bathing suit was black, with huge green and white flowers scattered all over.

"But—but it looks like a girl's," Yammy said, choking back tears.

Grandmother, the one who could hear, always adored anything with ruffles and lace and frills and flowers.

"It isn't a girl's bathing suit. It is the newest kind—a new Bali Print," explained Grandmother.

She felt badly that Yammy did not like it.

"Everyone is wearing them," she continued.

"But Grandmother," stammered Yammy, "this isn't Bali."

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

Mother persuaded him to try it on. She did not want to hurt Grandmother's feelings.

Mother said, "I know you will like it better after you have tried it on."

Yammy slipped into the new Bali Print. Mother and Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well, could hardly keep from laughing. But Grandmother, the one who could hear, was really very serious about it.

She said, "I think you look big and strong, just like that movie star who plays in those south sea island pictures."

"That's right," remembered Yammy.

He ran down to the crowded beach. A few girls were playing beach ball. When they saw Yammy one of them called, "Here comes a new girl. Maybe she will play with us."

Yammy's face turned red with anger. As he ran past them, one of the larger children cried out, "What is your name, little girl?"

He yelled back, "I'm not a girl," and plunged into the water.

"What an impudent little girl," remarked a fat woman sitting on the sand sunning herself.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Yammy stayed under the water as much as he could. He was so ashamed and angry that he wanted to get away from everybody. He crawled under the pier. He tried to sneak out of the water without any one seeing him. Even then he heard someone say, "I think that new girl is bashful."

He crossed the sands, ran down the sidewalk, toward a hill. He came to many small tourist cottages. He dragged along behind these little houses. He wanted to be alone.

He could see into the cottages. No one seemed to be in any of them. "Guess they are all down at the beach, having a good time," mumbled Yammy to himself.

He hardly ever cried, but now big tears kept welling up in his eyes. He wiped them away with the back of his hand. The tears kept coming steadily. He could hardly see. He stumbled over a big stone and fell against a fence. As he caught himself, his hand clutched at something soft. He blinked. He was holding a dark blue bathing suit which had been thrown over the fence.

His face lighted up and quick as a flash, he pulled the suit over his own and ran back to the beach.

He splashed and rolled with the waves. He did the Australian crawl out to the buoy. He leisurely side-

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

stroked back and stretched himself full length on the sand. He looked into the clear, blue sky.

The world was a wonderful place.

“Oh, look. There’s that new little girl, dressed as a boy now. He is a queer little girl, isn’t he?” said a teasing voice.

Yammy lifted his head and saw the girls circling him.

“Go away from here,” he cried, “I’m no girl.”

The girls sang back, “Now we know better than that. You can’t fool us. Come on, little girl, and let’s play ball.”

This time Yammy sat up and shouted at them. “You let me alone. I am a boy and I don’t want to be bothered with any girls.”

Just then a little boy came running toward the girls. He was crying loudly, “Sister, sister. My new bathing suit is gone. Somebody took my new bathing suit, the one with the Pop-Eye buckle.”

Yammy quickly glanced at the belt buckle on his suit. Yes, there was a picture of Pop-Eye taking a mouthful of spinach.

The little boy stopped short when he saw Yammy. Then he let out a yell. “Yowee! There it is. That boy

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

has it. He took my new bathing suit with the Pop-Eye buckle." And he cried louder than before.

Mother, who had just come from the hotel, heard the little boy crying. She hurried to see if she could help him.

And she did help him. She peeled the suit from Yammy and handed it to the little boy. Then she marched Yammy directly to the hotel.

All the way he grumbled, "Things just happen, that's all. They just happen. I didn't do anything. I didn't want his suit, not for keeps. It was too little anyway. Things just happen."

But that night although it was his first night at Catalina Island, Yammy stood for one whole hour with his face to the wall. And Powder took his place next to him.

The rest of the month Yammy had a good swim every day in his old bathing suit.

Daddy was with them over the weekends. There were picnics on the sands and long hikes over the hills. There were drives around the Island in the sightseeing cars. Occasionally they saw a herd of buffalo roaming through the grassy valley.

And one day Yammy saw the Baseball Players' Train-



Then she marched Yammy directly to the hotel

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

ing Camp. Palm trees lined the lane leading to the field. Tall, red poinsettia flowers, high enough for a hedge, surrounded it. Yammy wished the baseball players were there now.

They visited the shops and bought gifts for the Grandfathers and gifts for all the Joneses.

They did not like to leave Catalina Island and beautiful California. But when it was time to go and they were on the train they all felt very glad to be going home again.

"I was beginning to get lonesome without Grandpa," said Grandmother, the one who could hear.

"I have been lonesome too. After all, there is no place like home," answered Grandmother, the one who couldn't hear very well.

Three days is a long time on the train. Yammy thought he would never, never, NEVER get to Chicago. Daddy and Yammy would walk to the end of the train, then they would turn around and walk all the way to the other end. Then they would play checkers a while, and then parchesi a while. Then they would eat a little something. And then they would do the same things all over again.

But after three long days the train slowly pulled in

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

the handsome station. Yammy was the first to jump off.

"Hello, Grandpas. Hello, hello."

"Hello, hello."

Everyone was talking at once. They kissed each other all around and asked all about Uncle Yammy. Daddy gathered up all the luggage and piled it into the big car, and soon they were home again.

The yard looked clean. Grandpa told them George was a fine yard worker.

Linda was smiling broadly when Yammy burst in. "Hello, my honey chile, I'se got your card 'way down in Alabam. You sho' had a good vacation, din you?"

"Oh, it was SCRUMdolious. I went fishing and sold fish. And I saved \$5.00 this summer."

"You sho saved mo' than I did."

"I kept my money in a empty match box, because I forgot my baking powder bank."

"Hello, Mis Clumshanks, I'se knowed everybody would come, so I'se got lunch for dem all."

"That was just fine, Linda. Did you have a nice vacation?"

"I'se was glad to see my kinfolk, but I'se got to work too hard 'way down in Alabam. I likes to work here better."

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

"I'm glad you like it with us, Linda."

"Yammy, Yammy," called Grandfather. "Come and tell me all about your trip. Come over here and sit on Grandpa's knee."

Now Yammy loved Grandpa very much, but he did think he was too big to sit on Grandpa's knee. And then, too, it was very uncomfortable to sit on Grandpa's knee, for his big, fat stomach always got in the way.

"I'll sit here, Grandpa," said Yammy pulling the piano bench closer.

Grandpa laughed until his round stomach shook. "Such a big man, too big to sit on Grandpa's knee."

Yammy always turned reddish pink when Grandpa talked like that. Now he dug his heels into the scatter rug in front of the piano.

"Yammy, what is the matter with you? You look different," asked the skinny Grandpa.

"I'm all right. There's nothing wrong with me."

He worked his heel back and forth, thinking to himself, "I wish they would stop talking about me. That's the way they do all the time. I wish they would leave me alone."

And all during lunch Grandpa watched Yammy very closely.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Your face looks different,” Grandpa went on. “Don’t you feel well, Yammy?”

“I feel all right. Please leave me alone.”

After lunch Grandpa still kept looking at Yammy. “There is something different about your face. Don’t you think Yammy has changed?” he asked Grandmother.

“Well,” said Grandmother. “He is three months older and he did gain some weight.”

Yammy squirmed and sputtered and kicked at the rug. Then he ran to his room.

Mother spoke, “It is just because you haven’t seen him for a long time.”

“No, that’s not it,” said the thin Grandfather.

Just then the fat Grandfather glanced at the profile picture of Yammy taken six months ago.

“I got it, I got it,” he cried. “Yammy, come down here.”

Yammy slouched down the stairs.

“Now stand this way,” ordered the fat Grandfather. “Now, Mother, look here. It is his NOSE. See how flat it is.”

Sure enough, Yammy’s nose did look a little flat on the end.

Santa Catalina Island and Home Again

Mother took the picture and held it alongside of Yammy's face. The wrinkles came into her forehead. "Whatever caused it?"

Daddy was sitting in his easy chair, laughing hard. "You had better be a good boy from now on or else your nose will wear away completely," joked Daddy. "You know you had to stand in corners quite a bit during our vacation."

Yammy jerked away, "Oh, now quit it. I'm all right."

He ran upstairs and closed his door with a bang. He examined his nose in the mirror. It did seem a little flat, but just then Yammy wanted to unpack and get started at his rock collection.

He had some beautiful specimens to add to his collection.

Mother was terribly upset. "What if I have ruined his profile," she said.

"Oh, it is nothing serious," assured Grandfather.

"Why don't you punish him some other way," suggested Daddy. "Put a clothespin on his nose. That will pinch it back into place again."

"Mr. Clumshanks, don't tease. This is no laughing matter. My poor little boy might be disfigured for life," answered Mother.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Now, Mother, don’t worry about it. But hereafter don’t let him stand with his nose to the wall. Just let him stand in the corner,” said Daddy.

“Oh, I have been too severe with him. I punished him so many times this summer. I will never do it again, no never.”

Mother sat in her favorite rocking chair, rocking back and forth, back and forth—as she worried about Yammy’s nose.



Chapter XI

THE ROCK COLLECTION

YAMMY was sitting on the floor and sorting his rocks according to the *Rock and Stone Book* Uncle Yammy had bought him. Powder hovered near sniffing as Yammy worked.

It took a long time for Yammy to number the rocks and to label them. They were spread out on the floor in perfect order. He looked proudly at his finished work. He wiped the perspiration from his face. He looked at the rocks again. They were all ready to place on the shelf. The perspiration rolled down his neck.

“I wish I could take a swim in the ocean right this minute.”

With that he kicked off one black and white oxford and then the other. Then his socks came off. He rolled over onto his stomach and rested his head on his hands. “Think I’ll take an icy cold bath and fill the tub right to the top.”

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

He stepped to the bathroom and turned on the cold water. He peeled the rest of his clothes from him. He slid into the tub. He squealed and squirmed as the cold water splashed against his body. He kicked vigorously and snorted and ducked his head up and down in the tub.

Then he heard Powder barking. He heard Powder's body thump against the wall. He listened closely.

"Powder, what are you doing?" called Yammy between splashes.

He heard the swish of torn paper and the bump, bump of rocks.

Immediately Yammy jumped from the tub. Dripping, he ran to his room.

His assorted rocks were strewn every place. Labels were torn to little bits of pieces. The book itself was dragged under the bed. Powder was just about to take a bite of it. Yammy crawled under and yanked the book from Powder's mouth. He chased Powder downstairs and shut the door.

All his hard work was destroyed.

Yammy then set about his work again. He picked up the bits and tried to piece them together. The rocks had to be named and labeled and put in their proper

The Rock Collection

places again. He was determined to do all that Powder had undone.

Daddy and the Grandmothers and the Grandfathers were strolling around the yard looking at the zinnia beds and the work George had done.

Mother wanted to be by herself.

She sat in the house, rocking and worrying. She thought aloud, "No, I will never punish him again, never in all my life, my poor, poor—"

In the middle of her thoughts Linda came rushing in from the kitchen. She was all excited, "'Scuse me, Mis' Clumshanks, but de water is leakin' down from somewhere."

"What do you mean, Linda?" asked Mother.

"I tells you all water is leakin'. I sees it while I does de dishes."

Mrs. Clumshanks went to the kitchen. There it was above the sink, on the ceiling. A large, round, darkish, wet spot. Drip—drip—drip.

"I wonder what it can be? Call Mr. Clumshanks, Linda. I will hurry upstairs," said Mrs. Clumshanks.

She did not need to go all the way upstairs for the water was trickling down the steps. The hall floor was covered. The bathroom was flooded and Yammy's

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

clothes and towels were floating about. The tub was like an ocean.

"Yammy. Yammy Clumshanks," called Mother.

Yammy knew by Mother's tone of voice he had to hurry. He grabbed his robe.

"What is it, Mother?"

When he opened the door, he saw. Yammy fidgeted at the cord on his robe. He rubbed his bare feet against each other. His voice was choked, "I just—a, I just—a—"

But Mother sat on Yammy's bed and cried and cried, "Oh, Yammy, *why* are you so thoughtless?"

Yammy sat next to Mother and laid his head in her lap. He didn't mean to do it. Mother still cried and stroked his stubbly hair.

"Why can't you think about what you are doing? I'm so glad school is starting next week."

Suddenly Mother straightened, "But you will have to be punished. I began to feel I had punished you too much this summer, but I can't let a thing like this go. Now, hurry and get dressed while I think. I'm going to the kitchen."

Yammy just could not hurry as he dressed. He mumbled and grumbled, "Things just go wrong for me."

The Rock Collection

Powder peeked in the door.

"It's all your fault. Powder, why didn't you let my rocks alone?"

Powder turned and ran downstairs.

Yammy came down slowly. He went into the kitchen. "What are you going to make me do, Mother?" He asked the question timidly.

Mother answered him, "I thought it over. You'd better do as Daddy suggested. You are to stand with your face turned toward the wall but do not press your nose against the wall."

Yammy took his usual place. Mother stood thinking. Then she spoke, "No, Yammy, that will never do, it might ruin your eyesight. Staring at that blank wall isn't good."

Yammy turned around. Mother stood thinking again. "Let's see. Now stand here in this corner with your back to the wall."

So he stood with his back to the wall.

Mother left the kitchen.

In a minute she was back again. "Yammy, I am still worried. That won't do either. Maybe it will hurt your posture. I can see you slumping already."

Mother stood thinking again. She pulled the kitchen

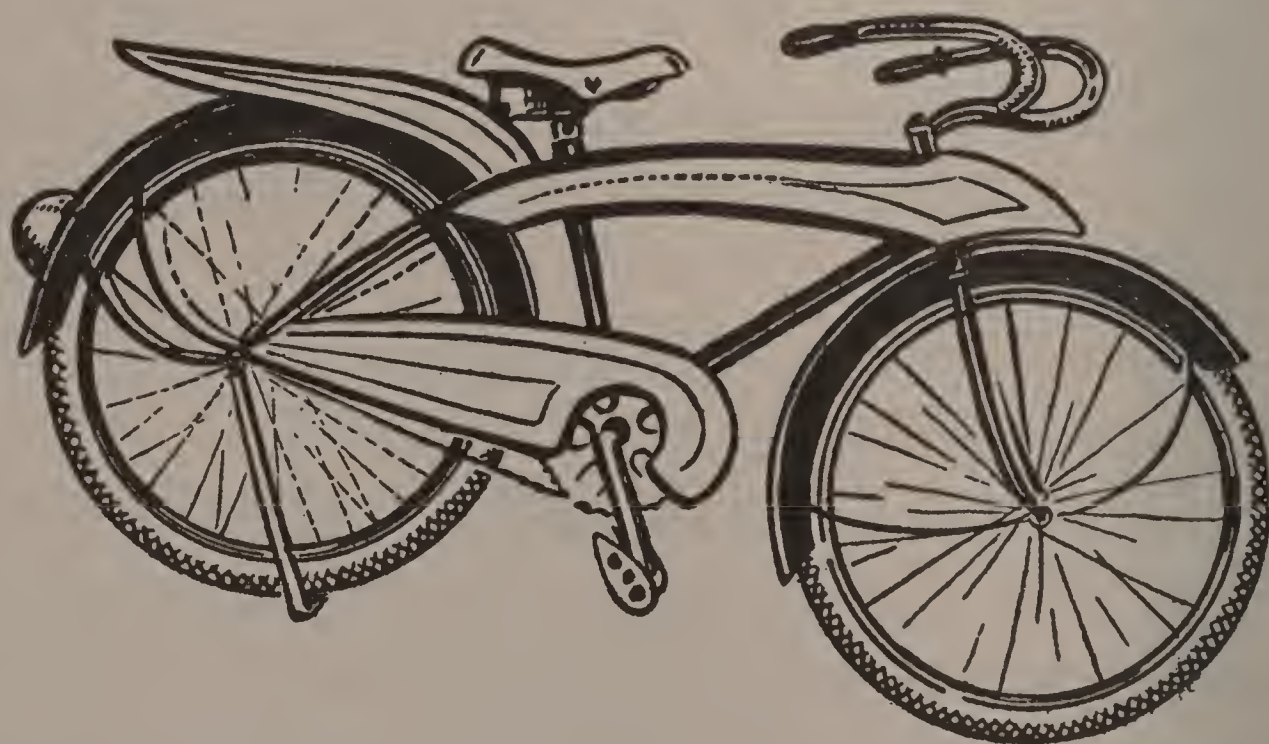
Yammy Buys a Bicycle

stool to the corner. "Here, Yammy," she said. "Sit on this, I think that will be all right."

Yammy sat on the kitchen stool after that. Mother went to her rocking chair and worried and thought and worried and thought.

Powder sneaked in. Yammy didn't say anything. Powder looked up slyly and crept over to him and sat down quietly. Yammy still didn't say anything. Powder hung his head and let his tail drop between his legs. Then he gave a low, sad little bark. Yammy looked down, "Oh come, Powder, I'm not mad any more."

Powder leaped to Yammy's lap and there they sat for one whole hour by the clock.



Chapter XII

THE LOST BANK

As Yammy sat in the corner holding Powder, he suddenly missed Hooky. "I hope we can go to the Joneses next week," he said aloud.

"You all better not say anything," snapped Linda, as she carried the dishes to the dining room table.

"I bet George saved a lot of money this summer. Gee, I can't wait to see him."

"Dinner is ready, Mis Clumshanks," Linda announced.

Yammy jumped from his stool, "I'll call Daddy and the Grandmothers and the Grandfathers."

Yammy ran to the garden and in a few minutes they were all seated at the table.

"Mother, I want to get Hooky next week. Can't we visit the Joneses some day?"

"Yes, I think we could plan to go Wednesday. We'll take their gifts to them."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"I wonder how much George has in his bank now. I bet he has a lot."

"I know he made quite a bit, for he had steady work with three yards to clean every week," said the thin Grandfather.

"How much do you have?" asked the fat Grandfather.

Yammy was proud to say he saved \$5.00 this summer. It was in the match box bank in the trunk.

"I'm going to put my \$5.00 with the other money in my baking powder bank. Gee, won't that be a lot? I'll have \$15.75. Whoopee!"

"Son, I think you have done well. You certainly have surprised us all. And when you have enough for a bicycle, you will have deserved it." And Daddy's voice was full of pride.

As soon as dinner was finished Mother unlocked the trunk and gave Yammy his match box bank.

He skipped up the stairs to his room. He drew a chair to his closet and reached far back in the corner of the top shelf.

But there was no bank there. He hurriedly pushed aside the boxes and extra blanket. But still, no baking powder bank could he find.

The Lost Bank

Yammy had a lumpy feeling inside.

The bank should be there. He knew it should be there. It was always there. But now—

He drew the chair closer and searched carefully. Maybe it dropped. He scrambled to the floor and brushed aside his shoes and other boxes. Big, round tears streamed down his face. He went down the stairs sobbing loudly.

“Mother, Mother, my bank is gone. My bank is gone.”

“Your bank?” questioned Mother. “Oh come now, Yammy, no doubt it is on another shelf.”

Mother helped him look. She cleared everything from the top shelf. Then she cleared everything from the next shelf and then the next, and the next.

Daddy came into the room.

“Are you sure you didn’t take it with you?” he asked.

“I know I didn’t Daddy. I remember. I counted my money before we left. And I know I didn’t take it.”

“I know he didn’t take it, too,” answered Mother. “Besides, we would have noticed it some time during our vacation.”

“How much did you have?” asked Daddy.

“I had \$10.75.”

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Well, it must be here some place. No one was here all summer. The house was locked.”

“Burglars!” said Yammy. “Burglars took my money. I know it was burglars.”

“Burglars!” exclaimed Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well. “Did I hear Yammy say burglars?”

Grandmother was up the stairs.

“Burglars took my money; burglars took my money.” By now tears were dropping to his shirt.

“Hush, Yammy. Be quiet. Now don’t get so excited.” Mother tried to calm him and wiped his face with her lacy handkerchief.

“No, no, Son,” assured Daddy. “Burglars did not take your money. They would have taken other things too. Nothing else has been touched. You misplaced your bank and we just have to look for it.”

Daddy helped Yammy look carefully through everything in his room. They looked in every corner, every drawer, and all through his toy box.

Mother looked in the other rooms upstairs.

The Grandmothers looked downstairs.

The Grandfathers looked in the basement.

And Linda looked in the kitchen.

The Lost Bank

Together they searched and searched, but they could not find the baking powder bank.

That night Yammy cried himself to sleep.

Daddy came and sat on his bed. "My poor little boy. I know you have had a hard day. Tomorrow we will find your bank."



Chapter XIII

JOLLY'S HOOKY

BUT the next day they did not find the bank, nor the next day, nor the next.

Yammy was a sad boy. Every morning and every afternoon he looked for his bank.

Linda had cut a slit in another baking powder can.

Slowly Yammy dropped his quarters in the new bank. He put the new bank in the same place he had kept the old one.

On Wednesday, Mother and Yammy drove out to the Joneses.

Buddy opened the door. "Well, hello. When did you get back?"

Jolly dropped Hooky and stretched out her arms, "Yummy, Yummy, Jolly's Yummy is come back."

Hooky ran under the sink and peeked out from behind the waste paper basket.

Mrs. Jones was so glad to see them. "I know you had a wonderful trip. We thought of you often."

Jolly's Hooky

"And we thought of you, Mrs. Jones."

Mother unpacked the gifts for all of the children. There were books for Buddy and Bobby. A lace collar from Mexico for Lucy. An Indian blanket from the Grand Canyon for George. And a large Jumping Jack for Jolly.

When Jolly opened her present she screamed with delight. But she would not call it Jumping Jack.

"Jumping Yummy, Jumping Yummy." She sang it again, and again.

George and Yammy sat in the workroom. Yammy told George all about his missing bank.

George felt very badly. He scratched his head.

"If you are sure you didn't take it, it must be some place in your house," assured George.

"But we looked all over. Linda cleaned the house thoroughly this week and she couldn't find it."

"I feel sure you will come across it some time."

"I hope so. George, how much did you save this summer?" asked Yammy.

George took his bank from the closet. He emptied the money on his new pink and yellow quilt. They counted the money together. George really knew without doing this, but he did love to count his money.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

There were \$17.00 in quarters, nickels and dimes. George let the money slide through his fingers. "Some of it I had in my bank before you went away. Gee, I saved a lot this summer—a little over \$5.00."

Yammy was puzzled. "Why, George, you surely made more than \$5.00 this summer. Why, I have \$5.00 and I didn't have a chance to clean yards."

George shook his head. "Yammy Clumshanks, of course I made more. But I don't keep all the money I make. The money I earn is for Mother to spend for all of us. I save just a little bit of it."

Yammy felt ashamed. "Gee, George, I forgot. I'm sorry."

George laughed, "Oh, that's all right. I think I did pretty well. Over \$5.00. I know I'll have enough for my bicycle by Christmas."

"I thought I would get mine for Christmas too."

George answered quickly. "I'll let you ride mine, Yammy. Any time you want to, you may ride mine. Besides by Christmas you'll have enough. You know your Grandmothers and Grandfathers will help you."

It was time for Mother and Yammy to go.

"Where's Hooky?" asked Yammy. "We came to take Hooky home again."

Jolly's Hooky

"My Hooky, Jolly's Hooky," and Jolly reached under the sink and pulled Hooky out by the ear.

Hooky didn't seem to mind. No doubt she had grown used to Jolly's rough handling.

"How big she is," said Mother. "You certainly took good care of her."

"Well, Hooky is like Jolly. She is always hungry," answered Mrs. Jones smiling.

Jolly's little fat hands were squeezing Hooky's body as she cried, "Jolly's Hooky. Jolly's Hooky."

"No, Jolly. She is Yammy's Hooky," and Yammy tried to take Hooky.

The child screamed and hugged the kitten close.

"No, no, Jolly's Hooky." She ran to the work room.

Yammy ran after her, "But, Hooky is *my* kitten," argued Yammy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones. "Yammy was kind to let you have Hooky all summer." Mrs. Jones loosened the kitten from Jolly's tight hold and gave her to Yammy.

"My Hooky," cried Jolly. "My Hooky."

Jolly's little body was shaking all over as the tears streamed down her face.

"Come, Jolly," said Mrs. Jones. "Here is your Jumping Yummy."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“No, no,” cried Jolly. And she sobbed loudly.

Yammy petted the little kitten. He held her to his cheek and rubbed the fur against his face. He looked at Jolly. Then Yammy went over to Jolly, stooped down and put his arms around her.

“Close your eyes, Jolly,” he whispered.

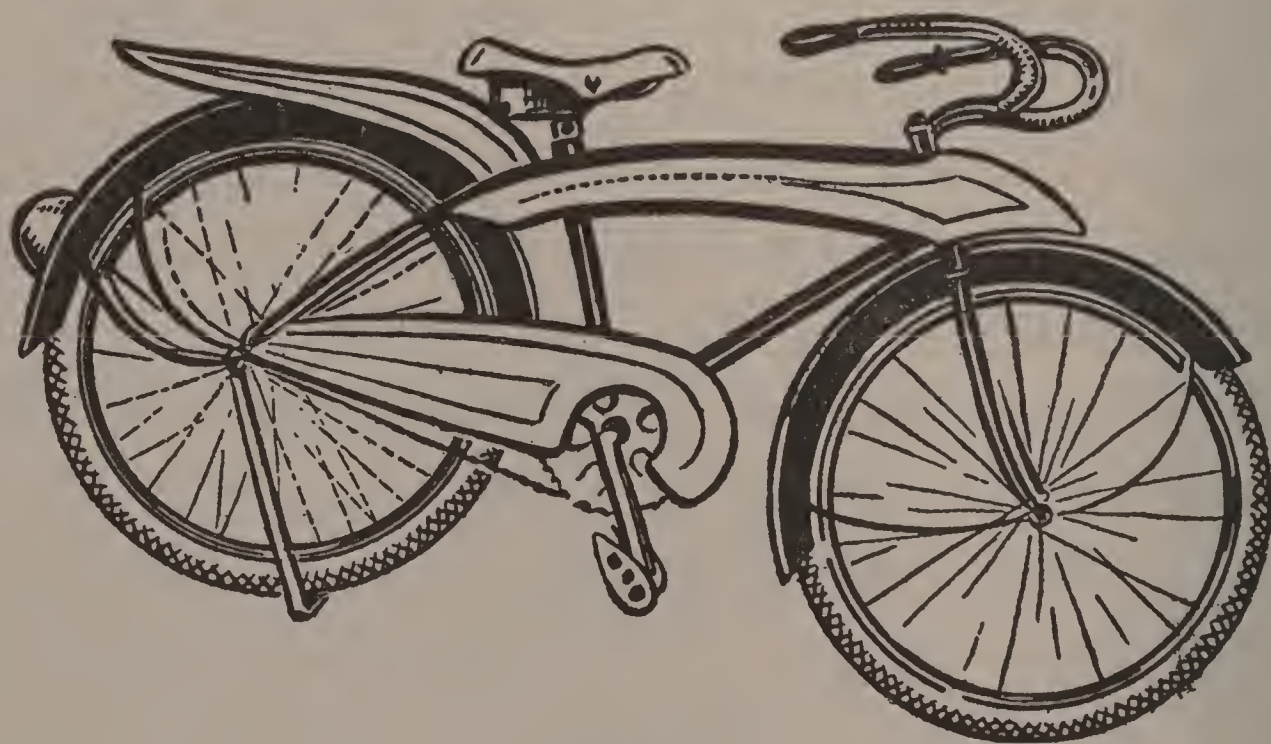
Jolly screwed up her face and closed her eyes tightly.

Yammy placed Hooky in her arms, “Jolly’s Hooky,” said Yammy.

Then Jolly’s face was like sunshine again.

Mother and Yammy said good-bye to all. As they drove homeward Mother said, “Yammy, I was so proud of you. We’ll see that you get another kitten very soon.”

Yammy smiled, “Thanks, Mother. I just couldn’t take Hooky from little Jolly.”



Chapter XIV

A FISHING TRIP

THAT evening Mother told Daddy all about their visit to the Joneses and all about how Yammy gave Hooky to Jolly.

And Daddy was very, very proud of Yammy.

He leaned back in his chair and said, "Yammy, you have been such a hard worker and saved your money and you have been such a brave boy about losing your bank; and now you have been such a kind boy to give your kitten to Jolly that I'm going to do something nice for you."

"What, Daddy?" asked Yammy.

"How would you like to go on a fishing trip with me next month?"

"Oh, Daddy, that will be swell. Where will we go?"

"I have a friend in Northern Wisconsin."

"Daddy, you never told me before. Who is he? Do I know him?"

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"I don't think you have ever met him, but I think you know him. Anyway you know a whole lot about him."

This puzzled Yammy. He had never met him, but Daddy said he knew a lot about him.

"We will plan on leaving about the second weekend in October. We could leave Friday at noon and get back Sunday evening."

"But Daddy, I can't leave at noon. I would miss school."

Yammy wanted to have a good record in attendance during the coming year. And he did not want to miss school unless he had to.

"Well then, suppose you leave at 2:30. Then you may be excused and you will not be marked absent."

"Yes, let's do that."

"Are you all ready to begin school this year? Don't you need money for pencils and tablets?"

"Well," said Yammy, "I have my \$5.00. I wasn't going to get anything until the teacher told us to."

"Ha, ha," laughed Daddy. "That's the way you do when you spend your own money. Other years you were asking for school change two weeks before school started."

Yammy laughed too. "I'm getting older."

A Fishing Trip

“Older, yes sir, you are. Here, old man.” Daddy pulled a dollar bill from his pocket. “Maybe you can use this and if you don’t need it all slip the rest in your bank.”

“Gee! Thanks, Daddy,” said Yammy, as he smoothed the dollar bill across his trouser leg.

Tuesday morning Yammy was back in school again. It was grand to see all the boys and to tell them about his vacation. It was grand to listen to what they had done all during the summer.

There were busy days in September. With school and Sunday School and the Cub Scouts and helping Grandmothers on Saturdays and helping at home after school, the days flew by.

The baking powder bank was beginning to fill up again. Yammy was anxious to let George know and to see all the Joneses. But his Saturdays were so busy he did not get around to visiting them.

Before he even thought about it Daddy said one day, “Son, will you be ready to go next Friday?”

“Whoopee!” answered Yammy. “I certainly will. Gee, I’ll be glad to go fishing in the woods.”

The next Friday Daddy called for Yammy at school. They stopped at home just a minute to say good-bye to

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Mother and the four Grandmothers and Grandfathers.

Then they were on their way. They drove through the level land of northern Illinois. Lake Zurich, Lake Marie, Lake Catherine, Petite Lake—they passed them all.

The lakes were many and very close together. Sometimes they were little shallow green ponds, only a watering place for the cattle. Sometimes the water was a deep blue and Yammy knew it was deep. Sometimes the lakes flowed into each other through small channels.

“Why are there so many lakes around here?” asked Yammy.

Daddy explained to him, “It is because of the Great Glacier. The great pressure of the slowly moving, melting ice ground deep holes into the soil and pushed along huge hills of earth, just as easily as you shovel snow from our sidewalk.”

They crossed the Fox River, where Joliet and Marquette had journeyed through the wilds of Wisconsin. Now the rolling, green hills were dotted with black and white cows.

Occasionally they could see the shores of Lake Michigan. They drove through the towns. Most of them had Indian names: Kenosha, Sheboygan, and Manitowoc.

A Fishing Trip

They stopped at a beautiful place along the road for their dinner. It was called the Wayside Inn. Yammy ate to the bursting point and so did Daddy.

Twilight had fallen when they drove through the thickly wooded acres of Northern Wisconsin. The road was winding. At every turn there was a riot of color—red oaks, golden maples, silvery ash, brown chestnut and walnut trees, deep evergreens and yellow hickory trees. As night came on the colors were softened and toned by a haziness. By eight o'clock all was blended into a solid mass of misty blue, relieved only by the silver moon rising over the hills.

“Here is the place,” said Daddy abruptly.

At once they were before a large log cabin, larger than Yammy had ever seen before.

“Hello, Bob,” called Mr. Carl to Mr. Clumshanks. “Well, well—who is this? Oh, I know. It is your Yammy.”

Mr. Carl shook Yammy's hand and led him toward the door. An old, fat Indian was standing in the doorway. Behind him was a small, black-haired boy with a blanket around him.

Mr. Carl turned to Yammy. He said, “This is Muddy Water and this little fellow is Laughing Heart.”

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Muddy Water bowed and smiled and Laughing Heart grinned all over. Yammy just stood with his eyes open. He was too surprised to have any manners at all.

Mr. Clumshanks took Yammy's hand as they entered the cabin. "This is a real surprise for you, Yammy."

Yammy just said, "Oh."

Daddy went on, "This is the Mr. Carl that we read so much about. You know, he collects Indian relics and writes books about the Indians. Muddy Water is his guide. He has helped Mr. Carl for many years. Laughing Heart is Muddy Water's grandchild."

"Oh, Daddy. This is wonderful. Gee, Mr. Carl is a swell fellow. I have read all his books. I didn't think I would ever know THAT Mr. Carl."

Mr. Carl smiled and gave Yammy a friendly pat on the back.

It was away past Yammy's usual bedtime, but he said he was not a bit tired. It was such an interesting place. There were Indian blankets on the walls and Indian bows and arrows; Indian pipes and Indian feathers; Indian pottery on the tables and Indian rugs on the floor. And rows and rows of books filled the shelves. The men and boys sat around the fireplace, popping corn and listening to the stories Muddy Water told.

A Fishing Trip

Before very long Laughing Heart was stretched out in front of the fireplace. Yammy was a very sleepy little boy when Daddy rolled him in an Indian blanket and tucked him in the bunk at at the other end of the cabin.



Chapter XV

YAMMY PLAYS INDIAN

WHEN he awakened the next morning Daddy and Mr. Carl were gone. They had gotten up very early and were already fishing. Yammy was disappointed.

Big, fat Muddy Water waddled to his bedside. "You no care, you find walnut. You fish this afternoon. Yammy and Laughing Heart find walnut."

"Where is Laughing Heart?" asked Yammy.

"Laughing Heart get up early. Laughing Heart help Muddy Water clean cabin. Laughing Heart outside now."

With gunny sacks and lunch thrown over their shoulders, Laughing Heart and Yammy were soon climbing the hillside.

The large, green walnuts were easy to find. Yammy had his bag filled by noon.

They found a clearing near a stream to eat the lunch that Muddy Water packed for them. Laughing Heart

Yammy Plays Indian

quickly gathered some large stones and found sticks for a fire.

Laughing Heart fried the bacon and warmed the beans, while Yammy unpacked the biscuits and poured the milk into tin cups.

When they finished their meal, Laughing Heart said, "Now we hull walnut."

"How do you do that?" asked Yammy.

Laughing Heart emptied his sack. With a rock, he knocked the green shell from the walnut. The moist brown nut fell out. Yammy was surprised. He thought the green walnut would turn brown after it was dried.

Yammy started with his. The hulls were soft and stained his fingers a deep brown.

Laughing Heart told him how the Indians used the walnut juice to paint their faces for special celebrations and dances.

"Please show me on my face," he said.

Laughing Heart squeezed a bit of juice in the palm of his hand. He made a long streak against Yammy's forehead. Then another streak across his right cheek. Then another streak across his left cheek.

"Now Laughing Heart get red." He ran into the deep woods and in no time he came back with bunches

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

of purple pokeberries. He squeezed these into his palm and marked Yammy's nose and chin a deep purplish red.

"Ha, ha," laughed Laughing Heart. "Just like real Indian."

Yammy rubbed the juices on his arms and knees.

Laughing Heart was dancing up and down and yelling and slapping his mouth, "Yammy, dance, dance!"

Yammy started to dance too. Their shouts echoed through the hills. Laughing Heart squatted next to the fire and sang loudly, "Yoo hoo—yoo hoo-oo."

Just then they heard a "Yoo hoo—yoo hoo."

Yammy straightened and listened. He thought there were more Indians around. He was a little bit afraid.

"What is that?" he whispered.

Laughing Heart was laughing all over.

"Who was that?" asked Yammy again, as he sat close to Laughing Heart.

Laughing Heart did not answer him. He just kept on laughing and then he put his hands to his mouth and called loudly, "Yoo hoo—ya—yoo hoo."

The call was answered. Yammy sat very still. Suddenly they heard a rustling in the leaves. Yammy looked toward the hillside.



Yammy started to dance too

Yammy Plays Indian

There he saw Mr. Carl and Daddy tramping down the hill. Yammy breathed deeply and smiled.

Then he got up and ran to them quickly, "Oh, Daddy," he called. "Look, I'm a real Indian now."

"Yammy, Son, whatever did you do?" questioned Daddy, as he laughed at Yammy's colored face.

Mr. Carl was not smiling. "Laughing Heart," he scolded, "why did you do this?"

Laughing Heart bowed his head, "Laughing Heart sorry. Laughing Heart forget. Laughing Heart and Yammy had fun. We forget."

"Forgetting is no excuse. I am ashamed of you."

Laughing Heart turned, and in another minute, he was running far down the hill.

Mr. Carl turned to Daddy, "I'm sorry, Bob. You know that stuff won't come off for a month."

"I don't care, I like it," said Yammy.

"I like it too," said Daddy, still laughing. "But just you wait until Mother sees it."

Daddy turned to Mr. Carl, "Don't you remember when we did the same thing, Frank?"

"I sure do," laughed Mr. Carl.

The next day Yammy did not want to leave Mr. Carl and Muddy Water and Laughing Heart. But it was

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

time to go. Daddy had to get home to work and Yammy had to be in school Monday morning.

On their way home they stopped again at the Wayside Inn for dinner. But this time, as Yammy walked into the dining room everyone turned to look at him. The children stared at him with wide open eyes. A baby pointed and started to cry.

Yammy rushed to the washroom to scrub his face. The stain did not budge.

It had been a lot of fun being an Indian with Laughing Heart. But now he felt so conspicuous. He did not like people to laugh at him. And then, too, he began to think about what Mother would say.

When they arrived home Mother and the two Grandmothers and the two Grandfathers were all there to meet them.

Mother was horrified when she saw Yammy.

"Yammy," she scolded, "I don't believe you washed your face the entire time you were gone."

"Yes I did, Mother," answered Yammy. "I washed it, but it won't come off, not for a month. You see, I was an Indian."

"Oh, Yammy," was all Mother could say.

"O-o-o-oh, Yammy," they all said it—Grandmother,

Yammy Plays Indian

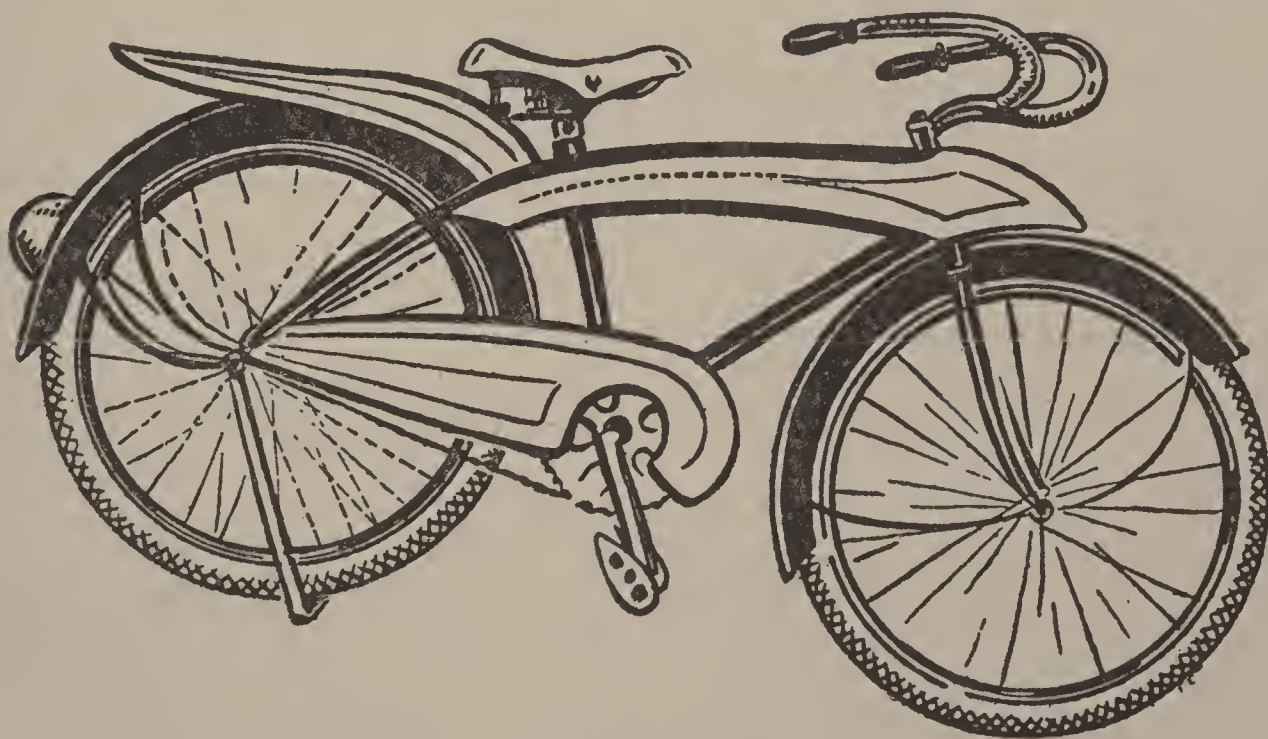
the one who couldn't hear very well; and Grandmother, the one who heard everything, and the fat Grandfather and the thin Grandfather.

As soon as Yammy took off his coat, he knew just where to go.

In a little while Mother came in to have another look at Yammy's face. She shook her head and said, "Yammy, I just don't know what to think of you. Just when I think you are becoming thoughtful you do a thing like this."

Yammy just hung his head.

In a little while Powder crept in softly and stood next to Yammy. Powder did not seem to mind Yammy's red and brown and blue face. He rubbed his nose against Yammy's shins and gave Yammy a friendly little bark.



Chapter XVI

THANKSGIVING FOR THE JONESES

YAMMY got up early the next morning. He washed and washed his face. But the stains would not come off. He slouched down to breakfast and ate his oatmeal very slowly.

“Yammy, hurry up, or you will be late for school.”

Today Yammy wished that he did not have to go to school. He hated to think of going into the schoolroom with such a face. But Mother found his cap and told him to run along.

He pulled his cap as far down over his face as possible. He took his time in getting to school. The bell was ringing just as he reached the school yard. He thought maybe he could go into the room unnoticed and loitered more than ever.

“Good morning, Yammy,” smiled Miss Harriet, the teacher. The class was standing, ready to sing.

And then instead of singing, all the children started to laugh.

Thanksgiving for the Joneses

This made Yammy feel miserable. He held his hands in front of his face and stumbled to his place.

Miss Harriet asked, "Yammy, did you wash your face this morning?"

The children snickered and giggled.

Yammy answered quickly in a mumbling voice, "Yes, I did, but it won't come off. I was an Indian."

The room was very noisy now and the teacher rapped on her desk. When all was quiet, she said, "Yammy, when did you become an Indian? Won't you tell us how it happened?"

At first Yammy shuffled his feet one against the other. He did not know how to begin. His face was burning and he twisted his hands behind him.

Then he thought of the good time he had had with Laughing Heart. So he stood up straight and bravely told all about his experiences. The children asked him many questions. He answered them all. He promised to bring some of Mr. Carl's books to school.

Miss Harriet thanked him and the children clapped for Yammy.

That made him feel better and now he did not mind his red and brown face, not so very much anyway.

But when he came home from school the bigger boys

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

and girls teased him and called him Big Chief Rain-in-the-Face.

Yammy threw his hat in the closet and went to his room.

He took his bank from the shelf and sat on the floor. The money fell through his fingers. Powder crawled over and snuggled his nose against Yammy's sweater. Yammy wished the red and brown would come off. He wished he could find his first bank. He wished he had Hooky back again. He was a sad little boy.

The whole world was topsy-turvy.

He counted his money—\$7.35. "I will never get my bicycle, not by Christmas," he said to himself.

Mother slowly opened the door. She sat down on the floor beside him. She knew he was not happy. Mother brushed back his stubbled hair.

"Yammy, I have a big job for you. The basement needs cleaning. If you do a little bit every evening and do a really good job, I will pay you \$4.00. And then by helping the Grandmothers every week, you may have enough to get your bicycle by Christmas."

"Oh, Mother, I will clean that basement until it shines."

And Yammy was in the basement in no time.

Thanksgiving for the Joneses

“Where shall we begin, Mother?”

“I think the store room is the best place. You can take all those boxes out and I will sort them. You can clean the floor and then put the boxes back again. I think that will be enough for one evening.”

Yammy worked hard. Every evening he was in the basement. And all the next month he helped the Grandmothers on Saturdays. Again his bank began to rattle with lots and lots of quarters.

He was anxious to see George. But they could not make arrangements to visit the Joneses until Thanksgiving.

The day before Thanksgiving Mother and Yammy loaded three baskets with food. A whole turkey completely filled one basket. There were oranges and cookies and cranberries and potatoes and vegetables and celery—everything for a real Thanksgiving dinner.

The Joneses were excited as Mother unpacked the baskets. Jolly waited eagerly for Mother to take out the turkey.

But Jolly's face looked a little puzzled when Mother finally uncovered the turkey basket.

“No turkey, that's no turkey,” said Jolly emphatically.

“Why yes, it is a turkey,” Yammy told her.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"No, no turkey," Jolly stamped her foot.

"Certainly, it is a turkey," they all told her.

"No, that's not a turkey," Jolly said again. She ran to a box in the corner and took out a magazine cover she had been saving.

She showed it to them all, "Here is turkey."

She pointed to the picture and then she pointed to the turkey on the table. "No feathers on that."

Everyone laughed. But Jolly ran to her toy box corner. "I want a turkey," she cried. "I want a real turkey."

She held the picture in her little fat hands, "Nice turkey," she smoothed and patted the picture.

Mrs. Jones gathered her in her arms and explained that the feathers had been taken off so that the turkey could be cooked. Jolly felt better about it, but still she looked at it with questioning eyes.

George and Yammy were in the workroom. George already had his bank out.

"I'm sure I can make it by Christmas. I have \$19.00. And I'll work all this next month. It will be a good month. How much have you?"

"Oh, I don't have so much," answered Yammy in a downhearted tone. "I have a little over \$11.00 and I know I can never get \$10.00 more before Christmas."

Thanksgiving for the Joneses

“Cheer up, Yammy. Maybe you can. Look, I sent for a bicycle catalog. Gee, there are some swell ones in it.”

Together they opened the catalog. There was page after page of beautiful, streamlined, chromium-finished bicycles.

“Come Yammy, it is time for us to go.” Mother stuck her head in the door.

But Yammy and George were so interested in the catalog they did not hear her.

“I think this one is about the best buy for the money. Of course there are other cheaper ones, but we want a good, strong bicycle so that it will last us forever.” George pointed to a full page picture of a large, graceful, blue and silver two-wheeler costing \$21.75.

Yammy looked long at the Lightning Master. Then he shook his head and said wistfully, “Gee, it is a beauty.”

“I tell you, Yammy, I won’t order mine until a week before Christmas.”

“Oh, George, that is only about three weeks from now.”

“Well then, I tell you what. I won’t order it. We can go to the store the day before Christmas. That will

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

give you a little time to earn some more money."

"Come, Yammy," said Mother again.

"Well, I'll try," said Yammy to George. There was a hopeless sound in Yammy's voice as he went out the door.



Chapter XVII

YAMMY FINDS HIS BANK

DECEMBER is always a busy month. Yammy helped Linda make Christmas cookies. He tacked wreaths to the doors and windows and hung mistletoe on the light in the hall. He helped Mother shop for her long list of Christmas presents.

He had a leading part in the Christmas play at school and he learned a long poem for the Christmas program at Sunday School.

And with all of that he did manage to earn a few dollars. He shoveled snow for the Grandmothers and he shoveled snow at home.

But try as he might, he did not have quite enough money to buy a bicycle.

It was just two days before Christmas. After dinner, Daddy and Yammy were going to trim the tree.

Yammy did not feel very much like doing anything.

“Don’t fret, Son. You will get your bicycle in the early spring,” consoled Daddy.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“Besides, Yammy, you know I would worry about your riding around when the weather is so cold,” said Mother.

Yammy did not feel any better. “But George is getting his bicycle tomorrow, and we were going to get them together.”

“Well, we had better get started on this tree,” said Daddy. “I’ll get the stand. It is in the attic, isn’t it?” He turned to Mother.

“Why yes, Daddy. All the Christmas things are together, in the corner under the window,” Mother told him.

“I can get the stand, Daddy,” offered Yammy.

“No, Son. That is too heavy for you. I’ll get it and get the tree all ready for trimming. While I’m doing that you can bring down the ornaments.”

“What are *you* going to do, Mother?” asked Yammy.

“Oh, someone has to be the boss,” laughed Mother. “I’ll just sit here and see that you do it right.”

Daddy winked at Yammy. “If our boss gets too bossy, we’ll make her do it by herself, won’t we, Yammy?”

“Indeed we will, Mrs. Boss,” Yammy teased back at Mother.

Yammy Finds His Bank

Daddy dragged in the tree. He arranged the stand and placed it carefully in the center of the living room. The beautiful tree was so high it reached the ceiling.

Yammy was so excited about getting the tree to stand straight, he forgot to bring down the ornaments.

“Hurry, Yammy,” said Daddy. “Run to the attic and carry down some of those boxes. We will be here all night if we don’t work any faster.”

“That’s all right,” answered Yammy. “There’s no school tomorrow.”

“Well, don’t you think about your poor, old Daddy? There’s work for him tomorrow morning.”

Yammy rushed to the attic. There were stacks and stacks of boxes of ornaments and lights and other decorations. All the boxes were marked, but the light was dim and it was quite hard to see the letters.

Yammy wanted to find the cradle first. He loved the Christmas story and he loved to arrange the little figures and the Creche or cradle under the tree.

He carefully lifted several boxes from the stack. Then he pushed aside a large package of cotton. As he did this he heard something rattle.

He looked behind the package of cotton, but it was too dark to see anything.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

He lifted the box containing the *Creche*. In so doing, the package of cotton was shoved back a bit. Again he heard a rattle.

"I'm going to find out what that is," he said to himself.

He carried the *Creche* to the top of the stairs and set it down.

He ran back to the cotton package and reached behind it. He could feel nothing. He shook the package. This time nothing rattled.

"That's funny," he said.

He stretched himself flat on his stomach and reached far back.

His hand touched something — something cold — something round. He held on to it tightly. He shook it, and oh, how happy he was.

He shook it hard and it rattled loudly. Then he grasped the lost baking powder bank in both his hands.

He was too happy to move. He lay on his back and shook his bank again and again.

"Mother. Daddy," he shouted.

Mother and Daddy hurried up the attic steps.

"What's the matter, Yammy?" asked Mother, with a worried tone in her voice. As she reached the top of the

Yammy Finds His Bank

stairs, she stumbled over the box containing the *Creche*.

Daddy helped Mother to her feet and together they rushed to Yammy.

“What’s the trouble?” they both asked at once.

Yammy just lay there. He laughed loud and he shook the bank harder.

“Look. My bank, my bank. Now I can get my bicycle tomorrow!”

“Well Yammy, where did you find it?”

Yammy was sitting up now. “It was behind the bag of Christmas tree cotton.”

“But how did it get there?” asked Mother. “When were you playing up here?”

“I didn’t play up here. I don’t know how it got here,” said Yammy.

“Now think hard, Yammy,” said Daddy. “When did you last have your bank?”

“I remember well, Daddy. I counted my money just before I went away last summer.”

“And then do you remember putting your bank in its proper place?”

“Well, I always did.”

“But did you this time? Was anyone in the room with you?”

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Yammy thought a minute. Then he blurted out in a loud voice, "Powder."

Powder heard Yammy call his name and in no time he had rushed up the attic stairs.

Powder climbed to Yammy's lap and sniffed at the baking powder bank. He pushed it with his paw from Yammy's hands and rolled it across the floor, back and forth, back and forth.

"Yes, Daddy. Powder was there and he rolled my bank back and forth, just as he is doing now."

"Then what happened?"

Yammy thought again. "Well then, Grandmother called and I went downstairs— Oh, I know, Daddy."

"And I do too," said Mother. "You did forget to put your bank away, and it was Powder who rolled your bank up here, for he was in the attic when we were ready to go to the train. Don't you remember?"

"That's it," said Daddy.

"Powder Clumshanks," scolded Yammy. "Aren't you ashamed, hiding my bank and making me worry to pieces."

But Yammy was too happy about finding his bank to be really angry with Powder.

With the bank in one arm and Powder in the other,

Yammy Finds His Bank

he marched downstairs to the living room. He emptied the money on the floor and counted. Not a penny was missing of the \$10.75. "Oh, boy," he said joyfully.

He rushed upstairs to get his other bank.

He was down again immediately, then he counted the money in it. Altogether he had \$24.10.

Mother and Daddy came into the living room. Their arms were full of boxes.

"Come Yammy, we do have to finish trimming this tree."

It was no work for Yammy now. He placed his banks on the fireplace, out of Powder's reach.

He danced up the stairs and carried down the boxes.

He hummed a tune as he hung the ornaments on the tree. He whistled as he arranged the *Creche* and he sang as he tossed the artificial snow on the branches.

"It is late. Yammy, you simply must go to bed," said Mother decisively.

Yammy grabbed his banks. First he kissed Mother and then he kissed Daddy and then he went happily to his room.

"Good night, son," called Daddy.

"Good?" exclaimed Yammy. "It's been a swell night."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

He smiled in his sleep, for all night long he dreamed
he was riding a beautiful, streamlined blue
and chromium-finished bicycle.



Chapter XVIII

YAMMY AND GEORGE BUY THEIR BICYCLES

YAMMY was up early the next morning. He turned on his radio as he dressed. He hummed Christmas carols. "The world is a wonderful place," thought Yammy.

"Are you going to take me out to George's, Mother?" asked Yammy.

"Why, this is the day before Christmas. I don't see how I can take the time."

"But I have to get out there. I just have to," Yammy pleaded.

Daddy said he thought he could manage. He would not stay at the office very long and Yammy could go with him. Then they would drive out to the Joneses, pick up George and then go to the bicycle store.

"You could take our gifts to the Joneses. I didn't know how we were going to get them there on time," said Mother.

"Hurry up then, for I don't want to be late this morning."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

There was a hustle and bustle collecting the presents. One Grandmother sent a basket of food and the other Grandmother sent a bundle of clothing.

Yammy emptied all of his money into one can and dropped the can in a paper sack. He tied a string around the package and held to it tightly.

The car was filled to overflowing when they were ready to go.

Daddy's office was a busy place. Every one called to them, "Merry Christmas, Yammy. Merry Christmas, Mr. Clumshanks."

All were excited and happy and the morning passed quickly. Then Yammy and Daddy jumped in the car and hurried to the Joneses.

"Merry Christmas, everybody. Merry Christmas to you."

"Merry Christmas to you," they answered.

The little house was fairly shaking with excitement.

"Santa Claus is coming to Jolly. Tonight Santa Claus will come," Jolly sang in her high little squeaky voice.

"Has Jolly been a good girl?" asked Mr. Clumshanks.

"Jolly is good. Always a good girl," and she nodded her head up and down.

Yammy and George Buy Their Bicycles

Yammy was almost out of breath telling George about his bank.

“Upstairs, yes, in the attic. Powder rolled it up there. Oh, boy—\$24.10. I will even have some left over.”

“I was sure it was in your house some place,” answered George.

“Can you go now, George?” asked Yammy. “Are you ready? Daddy will take us to the store. Where is the catalog? We’d better take that to show them.”

Daddy was unpacking the basket. “No, no, Jolly must not peek.”

“Jolly won’t peek,” she said, holding a small package she had sneaked behind her.

Mrs. Jones thanked them again and again. “Your family have made this a happy year for us. We have grown to love you all very dearly.”

There were tears of happiness in her eyes as she said it. She wiped them away with her apron and went to the workroom. She brought out a large package. “We did think of you, but we couldn’t do much. This is a Christmas present for all of you from all of us.”

“And we all helped to make it,” said Buddy proudly.

“May I open it now?” asked Daddy.

“I think that will be all right,” said Mrs. Jones.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"Oh yes, Daddy, open it now," called Yammy.

He unwrapped the package and he spread before them a brightly colored rug.

"It is for your hall," explained Bobby.

"It is truly beautiful," said Daddy.

"Mamma collected the old stockings and I dyed them," George told him.

"And I cut them into strips," said Buddy.

"And I helped cut too," cried Bobby.

"Lucy crocheted it," put in Mrs. Jones.

"And what did you do, Jolly?" asked Daddy.

"I walk on it," said Jolly impudently.

"How true that is," apologized Mrs. Jones. "I caught her just in time. She was playing house with it. I brushed it the best I could."

"I know Mother is going to appreciate it. Thank you all so much."

Daddy and George and Yammy then drove to the store. There were rows and rows of bicycles. It was a good thing they had their catalog with them or they surely would have become confused.

"This is the one, Mister. We want two of them. Will we get them cheaper if we order two?" George was speaking in a businesslike voice.

Yammy and George Buy Their Bicycles

The clerk looked at the picture and then he looked at the boys. "You have selected a good bike, boys. I'll have to ask the manager about the price."

In a little while the clerk was back again. "I can let you have them for one dollar less than the catalog price. How is that?"

"Sounds fair enough to me," said George.

"Can you send them this afternoon?" asked Yammy.

"No," said the clerk. "We are far too busy to get them out this afternoon. You will have to wait until the day after Christmas."

"Oh, we can't do that. We have to have them tomorrow," exclaimed Yammy.

"We do want them tomorrow. Can't you do something about it?" begged George.

"But we can't possibly send them today. The trucks are overloaded now."

"Couldn't you make a special delivery?" asked Daddy. "These boys have saved all year to get their bicycles and they do want them for Christmas."

"Well now, I'll see the manager about it."

And in a little while he was back again. "Everything is all right, boys. You will get your bicycles tomorrow morning."

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

The clerk took the addresses of the boys. Yammy and George counted out their money. They wished the clerk a Merry Christmas and thanked him for helping them.

Daddy and Yammy took George home but this time they did not stay. There were many things for them to do that afternoon. But with all of Yammy's chores the day passed far too slowly for him.



Chapter XIX
CHRISTMAS

THE church bells were ringing when Yammy awakened the next morning. Christmas had come at last.

The Grandmothers and the Grandfathers had reached the Clumshanks already.

“Did my bicycle come?” called down Yammy, as he dressed quickly.

“Not yet, it is much too early,” answered Daddy.

They all sat down to breakfast. It was a Christmas rule in the Clumshank family that breakfast had to be eaten before they could look at their gifts.

Linda was serving bacon and eggs when the door bell rang. Everyone at the table raised his head.

Yammy sprang to the door. “Maybe it’s my bicycle.”

“Sit down,” called Daddy. “I will answer this one.”

Daddy opened the door.

It was a telegram.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

"Merry Christmas to all," it said. It was signed—Mr. and Mrs. Yammy Clumshanks.

"Uncle Yammy! Married! I never thought that would happen." Mother could not eat another bite.

Daddy laughed, "I wonder if he married a hula-hula dancer."

"Mr. Clumshanks, this is no laughing matter," spoke Mother sharply.

Breakfast was completely upset. Just as they were all leaving the table the doorbell rang again.

"Maybe it's my bicycle this time." Again Yammy ran for the door.

"I will get it, Son," called Daddy.

"Uncle Yammy married, my, oh my." Mother could not get it off her mind.

"Merry Christmas, everybody," called Uncle Yammy himself as the door flew open. And with him was a lovely girl.

With one leap Yammy was in Uncle Yammy's arms.

"This is your new aunt—Aunt Letty," introduced Uncle Yammy. The lovely girl had such a nice smile that Yammy liked her right away.

The family all hovered around Aunt Letty. Meanwhile Uncle Yammy stood looking around.

Christmas

“Looks as though Santa has been around here,” said Uncle Yammy going into the living room.

Yammy danced in ahead of his uncle.

“Just a minute, Son, you know we always sing first,” spoke Mother.

“And come, Uncle Yammy, take off that coat,” said Daddy.

“Ha, ha,” laughed Uncle Yammy. “Being a married man makes me forgetful.”

“I think it has,” said Aunt Letty. “Didn’t you forget something in your pocket?”

“That’s right. I have something in my pocket that belongs to Yammy Clumshanks.” With that Uncle Yammy pulled out a little bunch of black fur—a coal black kitten.

“Uncle Yammy! How did you know?” Yammy held the tiny kitten close to him.

“Oh, your old Uncle Yammy does know a thing or two.”

“I must give it some milk right away. What shall I call it?” asked Yammy.

“Why don’t you name it Surprise?” suggested Aunt Letty.

“Surprise. That’s a fine name,” said Uncle Yammy.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

“That’s who you are—Surprise.”

I’m anxious to see what Santa brought me,” growled Daddy. “I wish we would hurry up and sing.”

“Won’t you let me play?” asked Aunt Letty.

She sat at the piano and everyone stood around the Christmas Tree. They sang, *O, Tannenbaum* and *Silent Night*.

Yammy was getting impatient. “I think that is enough, I want to open my presents.”

Aunt Letty put her arms around him, “I don’t blame you, Yammy. I think I caused you this long wait.”

There were so many things, Yammy didn’t know where to begin. He picked up a heavy, oblong box. He hurriedly tore open the paper. “A movie camera,” he shouted.

It was from Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear very well.

“Thanks, Grandmother,” and he kissed her on the nose.

He focused the camera on the Christmas tree.

“Don’t, Yammy; not now,” interrupted Mother. “Put that aside until Daddy shows you exactly how to work it. That is a costly present and we don’t want it broken.”

Christmas

“Oh, gee,” grumbled Yammy as he set it in the corner. “I know how to work it myself.”

Another package—To Yammy. He opened this package, he saw a silver gleam. “Oh boy, just what I wanted—new skates.” And he rushed over and kissed Grandmother on the nose.

When he finally got all the tissue paper unwrapped, he held them up. They were beautiful. “But, but—Grandmother,” he said jerkily, “they look like a girl’s.”

And so they did. The skates were attached to white shoes with fluffy, white fur around the ankles. Grandmother, the one who could hear, always adored things with ruffles or frills.

Yammy put them aside in the corner, next to the camera.

“Come, Son,” said Daddy. “I have a surprise for you in the basement.”

Daddy led him downstairs. The whole basement was buzzing with sounds. A large streamlined electric train was scooting over mountains, valleys, rivers and hills.

“Toot-toot,” went the whistle.

“Oh, Daddy, this is something!”

He ran to the switch and turned a lever. The train slowed down. He pushed a button, the train whistled.

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

The lights went on. He turned another lever, the train started over the plain.

Daddy stood beside him, "Now Yammy, you run along upstairs, while I tend to this."

Yammy's large, brown eyes looked up, "But Daddy, this is mine, isn't it? It is really mine?"

"Why, of course, it is. But you haven't opened all of your presents yet. Besides, I want to get this in good working order. Now you run along."

So Daddy made the train stop and Daddy made the train go and Yammy went slowly back to the living room.

"Oh, gosh, I wish my bicycle would come."

There was still a heap of unopened presents: To Yammy. To Yammy.

He read them aloud.

"Say, Mother, I just thought about something."

They all turned toward Yammy.

"Mother," he said in a loud voice, "Everybody can call me Sammy. Please call me Sammy now. I never did like Yammy for my name."

Mother had a wondering expression on her face. "What are you talking about?"

The room was quiet when Yammy spoke in a clear

Christmas

voice, "Well, Uncle Yammy is married now. He will give all his things to Aunt Letty. You won't have to call me Yammy any more because I won't get anything anyway."

Mother's face was red and she said, "Yammy Clumshanks, I don't know what to do with you. You never, never, never think before you speak. We all love your Uncle Yammy and that is why you were called Yammy."

Everyone else was laughing and Uncle Yammy was laughing loudest of all.

"I think he did think, Mother," said Uncle Yammy as he laughed and laughed. "I used to feel the same way about my name. I think we have a pretty smart boy here. I never did like that name either, but you know I was named Yammy because I had an Uncle Yammy and he was named Yammy because he had an Uncle Yammy and so on."

Just then the door bell rang again.

Yammy flew to the door. This time for sure, it was his bicycle.

"Where shall I put it?" asked the driver.

"Oh, come right in here, in the living room. No—take it down the basement and I can ride it right away."

The whole family marched to the basement. Even

Yammy Buys a Bicycle

Powder and Surprise followed them. What a beautiful bicycle it was—blue and silver and shining new.

Yammy lifted Powder and Surprise to the large basket. “Look,” he cried, “the basket is big enough for both of them.”

Yammy sprang to the seat. “See how springy it is,” and he bounced up and down.

“And look at the light,” he yelled, as he turned the electric switch on and off.

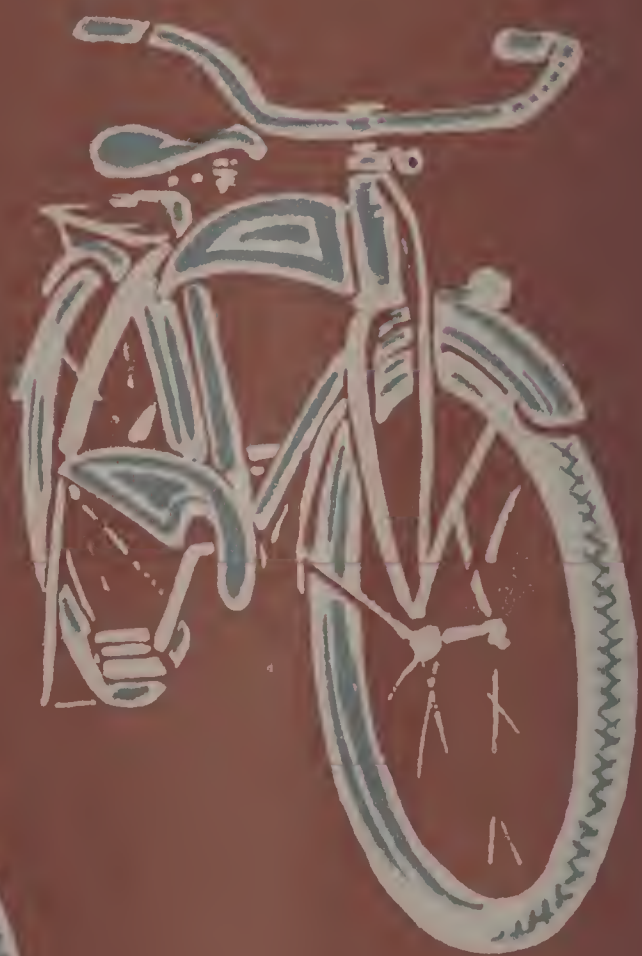
“Can you ride it?” asked Grandmother, the one who couldn’t hear.

“Can I ride it!” shouted Yammy. “Watch out, everybody, here I go,” and he started to pedal around and around.

“Lan’ sakes, look at my honey chile,” Linda called out as she peeked down the stairs.

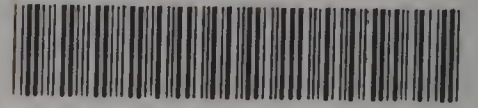
Just then Daddy took hold of Mother’s arm. “He’s done very well and we should be proud of him.”

“Look out, everybody, here I come.” And Yammy just kept pedaling around and around.





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